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Safe.

Safe? the battle-field of strife
Seldom knows a pause in strife,
Every path is set by snares,
Every joy is crossed with cares.
Brightest morn has darkest night,
Fairest bloom has quickest blight.
Hope has but a transient gleam,
Love is but a passing dream.
Trust is folly's helpless waif,
Who dare call their dearest safe?
But thou, though peril loom afar,
What hast thou to do with war?
Let the wild stream flood its brink,
There's no bark of thine to sink.
Let falsehood wave its subtle net,
Thou art done with vain regret.
Let fortune frown and friends grow strange,
Thou hast passed the doom of change.
We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—
Safe, my darling, dead, and safe?

Some Time.

Some time, tired heart of mine,
You shall have a long, long rest;
An't the quiet evening sun,
Sloping outward to the west,
Creeping in the casement wide,
Shall look on a quiet breast.
Though the birds shall coo and call
As the deeper shadows fall.
You may rest.

Some time, patient eyes of mine,
You may take a long, long sleep;
Though the early morning sun
All along the wall shall creep,
Waxen eyelids will not lift
From the watching which they keep;
Though a sunbeam, overbold,
Seek to part your curtain's fold,
You may sleep.

Some time, striving hands of mine,
There will be a long, long peace;
Loosened from the tasks you hold
Into new and sweet release,
Other hands must place you close
In a dumb amen for grace.
Even love's touch, soft and warm,
Dare not break such prayerful form
Of your peace.

Some time, restless feet of mine,
There will come a long, long day
When you need not cross the sill
From the flushing till the gray.
Other steps must bear you forth
To the place where clay is clay.
Though I led you out at light
They will bring you home when night
Ends our day.

PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river toward the big city, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away — across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness and up the Medway, as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water with pottery or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy, and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we have been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the sama as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by the work on the barge fell more and more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old barge, Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail or a wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for a kindly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to make me sad, for the faces I looked on seemed to be so different to mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller and dreamed and dreamed in a waking fashion of how I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working, on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and have a pull at the sheet or take a reef in the sail; because the wind freshened and my dreams all passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller, and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being sculled towards us, and I knew it was coming from the great iceboard barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said to myself at last in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in the little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern John Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sunburnt face and brown arms and hands I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said, as he came close in; and I did it dreamily, and as soon as I had done so I began to pull it back, but it was too late; he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side before I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt sometimes hot and sometimes cold, as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said at last.

"No, my lass," he said quietly, "I want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his hands came brown face lit up, and he looked so manly as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke to you."

"Spoke to me?" I said, with my face burning still.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four years."

"Oh, John," I cried, bursting out laughing and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."

"Over again? What?" I said.

"Call me John," he replied.

"Well, then, John," I cried hastily.

"That's right, Prudence; but, as I was going to say, not spoken to one another! Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you, night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the Prudence would come in sight and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the hand back."

I could feel the color coming back into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've saved up £10, all my own, and our owner has just given me the command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've been courting four years, you wouldn't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him—never."

"But you'll have to some day, Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully downhearted and miserable.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more every day, and I must stay."

"Prudence," he said sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with any one else, and go aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear, some day you may have to leave him, and when you do, will you please recollect John Grove loves you better than aught else in the wide world, and is waiting for you to come!"

"Yes, John," I said simply.

"You mean it, Prudence?" he cried in delight, as he caught my hand.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares for me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said sharply.

"Then I don't care for them, John," I said simply; "and if you like me, and I ever do—do—leave—oh, dear! what am I saying?"

I sat down on a fender and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry, but he took my hands down, and looked long and lovingly in my face, with his great, honest brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but seemed to choke. At last he gasped out;

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to me some day, I know."

I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master's a-waiting too."

He went quietly over the side and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward seeing to the light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn-out to utter a moan of horror, and sob, "Oh, father! father! what shall I do!"

"Is that you, Prudence?" said a voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside, when John streched out his hand and took mine.

"Quick!" I gasped, "save him, John—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"Yes, yes," I wailed; "oh, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong. I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you were gone."

"But father," I wailed, "father—save him!"

"My poor little lass," he said, tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now if you bid me; but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that he must have been swept far away before then; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me and said but little, and at last his time was up and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-by, when I put my hands in his and said quietly—

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise."

"And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass," he cried eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass, never," he cried. "And you'll be my little wife?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."

"When I come back from this voyage?"

"Yes, John, when you will," I said, and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their captains in their gold-laced caps, and as he does so he whispers—

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king."

And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Great Thirst Land.

We take the following from a recently published work descriptive of Southern Africa, entitled "The Great Thirst Land:" The sufferings endured on account of the drought were at times almost terrific. The throats of the oxen were so parched that they could not low. The dogs suffered even more than the cattle. Nor are the wild animals exempt from the plague of the land.

When water becomes scarce in these thirsty plains, the whole of the wild animals that inhabit them congregate round any pool that may be left, for with very few exceptions all have to drink once in twenty-four hours. The lions, which follow the game, thus are led to their drinking places not only to assuage their thirst, but to satisfy their hunger.

To watch one of these pools at night, as I did in the northern Massara country, is a grand sight, and one never to be forgotten. The naturalist and the sportsman can here see sights that will astonish them, and cause them to wonder at the wonderful instincts possessed by the animal kingdom.

At such watering-places the small antelopes invariably drink first, the larger later on, and with them the zebras and buffaloes. After these come the giraffes, closely followed by the rhinoceros, and next the elephant, who never attempts to hide his approach—conscious of his strength—but trumpets forth a warning to all whom it may concern that he is about to satisfy his thirst. The only animal that does not give place to the elephant is the rhinoceros; obstinate, headstrong and piglike, he may not court danger, but assuredly he does not avoid it. The elephant may drink by his side, but must not interfere with him, for he is quick to resent an insult, and I am assured that when one of these battles takes place the rhinoceros is invariably the victor. The elephant is large, of gigantic power, but the other is far more active, while the formidable horn that terminates his nose is a dreadful weapon when used with the force that he has the power to apply to it. I have been told on trustworthy authority that a rhinoceros in one of those blind fits of fury to which they are so suiject, attacked a large wagon, inserted his horn between the spokes of the wheel and instantly overturned it, scattering the contents far and wide, and afterwards injuring the vehicle to such an extent as to render it useless.

The lion is not tied to time in drinking. After it feels it comes to water, but it never would dare to interfere with the rhinoceros or the elephant. Where the buffalo exists in numbers it is the principal prey of the lion; in other localities antelope and chiefly the zebra are its food.

Russian Proverbs.

Praise not the crop until it is stacked.

Bread and salt humble even a robber.

Love, fire, and a cough cannot be hid.

A full stomach is deaf to instruction.

No bones are broken by a mother's fist.

God is not in haste, but His aim is sure.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

If you hunt two hares you will catch neither.

Lies march on rotten legs; who lies will steal.

Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire.

Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe.

Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolves away.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.

Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praises I sing.

The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf.

The wolf asked the goat to dinner; but the goat declined.

It is not necessary to plough and sow fools—they grow of themselves.

With God go even over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

Dog, why do you keep your tail bewteen your legs? I am afraid of the wolf.

A Spider's Ready Wit.

Dr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, of London, writes: The following incident, which I witnessed, may possibly interest some of your readers: A boy removed a small spider to place it in a big spider's web, which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, who ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature (spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, who are given to devour their smaller male lovers). When the little spider was barely an inch in advance of its pursuer, it cut with one of its legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason.

THE HYDROPHOBIA QUESTION.

Is there such a Disease? Opinions of Henry Bergh and Dr. Hammond.

In view of the careful history of the case of Richard Schweitzer, of Melrose, made by Dr. Kretschmar, says the New York *Herald*, and in view of the physician's positive declaration that the case was one of hydrophobia, considerable surprise was occasioned by the result of the post-mortem examination. Dr. MacWhinnie, who made this examination, declared that the immediate cause of the death was not hydrophobia, but asphyxia, and the opinion of Mr. Henry Bergh and that of Dr. William A. Hammond was asked for on the bearing of Schweitzer's case on the much vexed question of hydrophobia.

In the post-mortem examination a small fibrinous clot was found in the left ventricle that indicated that death was due to protracted causes, not to sudden violence. Bits of the egg eaten by the boy shortly before his death were found in the right bronchus and in the right lung. Dr. MacWhinnie, therefore, declared that death was caused by asphyxia, caused by the impaction of pieces of egg in his lung and bronchus.

Mr. Bergh, being asked, said that he was firm in his disbelief in the existence of such a disease as hydrophobia. He made a distinction between a mad dog and a hydrophobic one. He said he was frequently mad himself, but it by no means followed that he had the hydrophobia. So a dog might be maddened by ill-treatment. He might be worried into madness, but he was not necessarily hydrophobic. He thought the principal trouble in the dog question came from its treatment by politicians, who were not competent to deal with it. He had offered years ago to manage the whole matter if the city would only provide a house and a keeper. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals would send men around daily and "scoop up" the stray dogs without charging the city for the service.

"Then do you believe in killing these dogs?" he was asked.

"I must confess," said Mr. Bergh, "that the unfortunate animals would be better off dead than alive, and it is not right that they should run at large, alarming the community. But I do object to the treatment they receive now."

"Do you not consider," was the next question, "that the bite of a dog maddened by worry or other means is more dangerous than that of a dog uninfluenced in that way?"

"Why certainly it is," said Mr. Bergh, and he told a story of a woman suckling a child while she was in a fit of rage and of the consequent death of the child.

Dr. William A. Hammond, on the other hand, declared, after reading Dr. Kretschmar's history of Richard Schweitzer's case and the account of the post-mortem examination, that it was unquestionably a case of hydrophobia.

"I thought it was not genuine hydrophobia," said he, "when I read the first accounts because they spoke of the child barking like a dog. In pseudo hydrophobia, which is a hysterical disease, superinduced by the imagination, patients often do this, but not in genuine hydrophobia. As to the child dying by choking, the choking was a symptom of the hydrophobia. Dr. Kretschmar's history of the case is an excellent one and leaves no doubt as to its nature. One of the strongest proofs of it is the abnormal temperature. In the real hydrophobia the temperature is always high, ranging from 105 to 110. In the false disease it is never raised, but always remains normal."

"I would be in favor of leaving the whole question of handling the dogs to Mr. Bergh's society," said he, in reply to further questions; "for it has done a deal of good, and would unquestionably deal with the dogs in the best way; but Mr. Bergh is doing a great mischief by promulgating his disbelief in hydrophobia, in spite of the fact that all the authorities assert its existence. It was formerly denied that there was such a disease, but no authority denies it now. And just so far as people are led by Mr. Bergh to disbelieve in the disease, just so far will they be inclined to neglect the proper measures of precaution when they are bitten."

"It is a serious fact," he said further, "that no one has ever lived after hydrophobia has been developed in his system. There is no cure for the disease known, though it may be prevented by prompt measures taken after the bite has been inflicted. Excision is probably the best of all prophylactics, and should be performed as soon as possible. The operation should not be done with a niggardly hand, but every part with which the teeth of the animal have come in contact should be removed, as well as the tissue into which the poison may have become infiltrated. Cauterization may be performed instead of excision, and is preferred by some practitioners. Mr. Youatt, of England, used it with over four hundred persons bitten by rabid animals, and never unsuccessfully. He preferred the nitrate of silver, but others have used the actual cautery, caustic alkalies. I have performed excision in eleven cases and canterization seven times, four with the nitrate of silver and three with the actual cautery, and always successfully."

As to the treatment with strychnia which Dr. Koetschmer employed, Dr. Hammond said that he did not believe in it, but would not condemn it, because if a disease which had never been cured a physician was justified in doing anything which he might fancy would do good.

A Howling Dervish.

A Gallipoli correspondent of the London *Times* writes: Rich in shrines and monastic institutions, Gallipoli has been from the early days of the Ottoman rule in Europe a stronghold of the faith. It shelters three sects of dervishes; the Beys, the largest landed proprietors, are mostly affiliated to one or other of the orders; wealth and influence belong here to Islam, and the rule of the high priest of the howlers overrides that of the appointed governor. An able, enterprising, intriguing, money getting fellow is this distinguished dervish, though you would hardly think it to see him with bowing head and eyes cast down, pale and ascetic of aspect, in green pelisse and turbaned calpack, slowly pacing the streets on his high-bred horse, with an attendant holding either stirrup. Still less would you think it if you saw him in mosque on Tuesday or Friday, howling like a maniac till he foams at the mouth and drops exhausted. And yet this Hussam Effendi is a keen man of business, manages vast estates with great ability, and conducts extensive commercial operations in timber and agricultural produce with success, lends money to small farmers, has a large share in a steam flour mill and biscuit factory, and is one of the largest contractors for army and navy supplies. It is impossible to believe that one of such practical mind as Hussam Effendi should have faith in the value, theologically speaking, of his grotesque and painful ritual; but he owes much of his influence to his reputation for holiness, which, won by constant and efficient howling, is as substantial an item of his large stock in trade as the engine in the biscuit factory. Hussam Effendi's steadfastness to the rule of his order is thus by no means irreconcilable with his keen pursuit in this world's goods.

Cigar Ends.

Probably few people in this country are aware that that usually wasted substance, a cigar end, is utilized in Germany to a large extent, and with even beneficent results.

We can imagine many of our readers wondering what can be the object of collecting these small ends; and we will therefore briefly explain that they are sold for the purpose of being made into snuff, and that the proceeds of such sales are devoted to charitable purposes. There is in Berlin a society called the "Verein der Sammler von Cigarren Abschnitten," or the Society of Collectors of Cigar-cuttings, which has been in existence some ten years, and has done much good. Every Christmas the proceeds of the cigar ends collected by this society and its friends are applied to the purchase of clothes for some poor orphan children.

In 1876 about thirty children were clothed by this society, each child being provided with a pair of good leather boots, a pair of woollen stockings, a warm dress and a pocket-handkerchief. In addition to this, a large, well decorated Christmas tree is given for their entertainment, and each child is sent home with a good supply of fruit and sweetmeats. Altogether, more than two hundred poor orphan children have been clothed by this society, simply by the proceeds of such small things as cigar ends.

The success of the Society at Berlin has induced further enterprise in the same direction, and it is now proposed to erect a building to be called the "Deutsches Reichs-Waisenhaus" (Imperial German Orphan Home), where orphans who are left unprovided for may be properly cared for, clothed and instructed. The site proposed for this institution is at Lahr in Baden, where there are a number of snuff manufactories, and it is therefore well adapted to the scheme, which we can only hope may be successfully carried out.

The system of collection, which is extended over a large part of Germany, is generally undertaken by one or two ladies or gentlemen in each town, who collect now and then from their smoking friends the ends which they have been saving up. These collectors either send on the cigar-ends to the central society, or sell them on the spot and transmit the proceeds. This latter plan, when it can be worked, is preferable, as saving expenses in carriage and packing. It is proposed that the number of children which each town shall have the privilege of sending to the home shall be regulated according to the amount which they have contributed to the society.

To insure the success of this institution, it will be absolutely necessary for all to unite and work together; each one must not leave it for his neighbor, thinking that one more or less can make no difference. To show, however, what might be accomplished by a thorough unity in the matter, let us say that there are at least ten million smokers in Germany; or, to be very much within the mark, we will take only five million smokers who will give themselves the trouble, if such it is, of saving up their cigar ends; and assuming that the cigar ends of each person are worth only a quarter *Pfennig* (ten Pfennig equal one penny English), we have a total revenue for the year of six hundred and fifty thousand marks, or thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds.

Now, these thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds, which, as a rule, are thrown away and wasted, can be used to provide a home for at least thirteen thousand poor orphan children. Further, if the five million smokers would contribute but once a year the value only of a single cigar, say in Germany one penny, this would make an additional five hundred thousand marks, or twenty-five thousand pounds, which would clothe another ten thousand children.

Now we ask, is it not worth while to be careful in small things, and to save up these usually wasted cigar ends, when we see what great things might result? We can only conclude by wishing success to this remarkable institution, which has taken for its motto the most appropriate words, "Viele Wenig machen ein Viel;" or in the words of the old Scottish proverb, "Many a little makes a mickle."—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Treasury Lady the Victim of Alcohol.

A Washington correspondent says: One of those ingenious women whose business it is to examine mutilated and illegible currency in the Treasury has recently come to grief. This woman had so ably performed this intricate work for several years as to have become almost indispensable not only to the department, but scarcely less so to numerous banks in different parts of the country, who but for her patience must have lost considerable sums in worn currency. Her skill in restoring what looked like a hopeless mass was marvellous, and in consideration of her perseverance in this direction, some of the banks have from time to time attested their appreciation of the material benefit thus derived, by handsome donations of money, one or two, it is understood, paying her as high as $1,000 per year. I take equal pride in the gallantry of such men and the ability of such a woman. Too often are women compelled to feel that they gain nothing by marked fidelity. These gifts from the banks were, of course, in addition to the regular salary paid by the treasury, of $1,200. For a considerable time it was sadly noticed that this woman was manifestly falling into the insidious power of a terrible syren. Often and again, it could not be denied, she was not quite herself long before the hour for the close of work. Admonitions, kind and gentle, and warnings, oft repeated, were of no avail. She was hopelessly enthralled. At last she came to the office one morning already too oblivious to faithfully perform her usual task, and, as patience had long since ceased to be a virtue, a carriage was called and she was sent, a victim of alcohol, to her home, there to find that ominous yellow envelope containing a notice of dismissal from service had preceded her coming. Strange to say, her predecessor in the same position, who had served long and acceptably, but for this weakness, was discharged for the same cause.

Chinese Superstitions.

To break a tween the mirror and its owner's life is evidenced death, or otherwise, and is only second in ominous portent to breaking an oil-jar. And this superstition of a connection existing between mirror augurs a separation from one's wife by also by its use in cases of sickness to form the head of a sort of figure made of one of the sick man's coats which, suspended to a bamboo with the end-leaves still on it, is carried about in the vicinity of the house in the hope of attracting the departing soul back to its body. * * * Who has not noticed or heard of the bizarre arrangement of Chinese gardens and rookeries? The motive for this laying out the pleasure-grounds attached to large houses is not simply ornamental. No doubt the Chinaman is one of the most ingenious of landscape gardeners, but the crooked walks and abrupt turns not only economize space but are "lucky," inasmuch as they discourage the advent of evil spirits, who like the "broad way" in China much as they are reputed to do in Europe.—*Folk lore of China*

MARRIED BY DEATH.

The Terrible Ride on a Railroad Hand Car—A Fearful Revenge.

A most horrible affair took place recently on a branch line of the radiating road running from the great iron artery of the P. W. and B. railroad, up through the pleasant valley of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

It was near Chadd's Ford, and at a beautifully romantic spot. There is a turbulent stream running between high banks, on which stunted willows grow, while further down, at the water's edge, the weeping variety of the same tree dips its greenish tresses in the musical water, which has hushed its riotous noise to almost a requiem since the death of George Ricketts and Mollie Dolbell—"as fine a young man and as pretty a girl," the farmers say, "as you will find in all Chester county." This is how they met their death: Mollie was one of those pink and white dairy maids that you sometimes meet in the grazing regions of Pennsylvania. Her hair was bonnie brown, but with just a glint of black in it, as if it had been gently touched by a raven's wing. She was light-hearted and as merry as the lark with which she arose—the lark that carolled above her head as she looped her neat dress, and skimmed into the stone dairy where the painted pans were ranged in rows, and the yellow pots of butter flecked the cool water.

The trouble with Mollie was that she had two lovers—one, George Ricketts, a stalwart farm hand, and the other Hugh O'Donnell, a sullen, red-whiskered man, employed on the small drawbridge over the Fox Run that we have spoken of. This draw was seldom used save for a lazy schooner that came up to get terracotta pipe from a manufactory above.

The two men knew that they were rivals and Mollie knew it too, being sorely troubled in her white soul as she stood one Saturday evening in the porch of the house where she lived and promised to take a ride on the morrow with George—not a ride in a buggy, nor in a sailboat, but a rattling ride on a handcar, a practice which is frequent on these lonely lanes, whose rails vibrate but seldom under the crushing advance of the engine.

It is unnecessary to describe the hand car, that fits the rails, is worked by a crank, and when started goes like the wind. The car had been loaned George by a band of laborers who were making repairs about a mile above. He had dusted it neatly, and when the pretty girl reached him by a short path through the woods, he had arranged the vehicle so cleverly with a cushion for Mollie that it did not seem unlike Cleopatra's barge. She was in her Sunday bets, and she laughed lightly in the sunshine as George swung her lightly into the seat and then leaped to the handles.

There were no Sunday trains; there was no danger.

Mollie crossed her tiny feet, felt the exhilaration of the movement, as George's swelling arms produced the terrible momentum, and saw her neat skirts blown about by the rushing wind beneath the platform. On, on they went, the glistening rails ringing, the bonny brown hair blown about and the Fox-run bridge near at hand.

On that bridge Hugh O'Donnell sat smoking his pipe. The draw was open, although no drifting schooner was in sight. Some evil bird had whispered to Hugh the Sunday trip of his rival with Mollie. He determined on murder at once. This is the reason the rusty draw was open, while Hugh sat in his sentry box on the other side smoking his pipe and watching up the converging lines of metal that seemed like satin ribbons tied in a bow by the perspective.

He did not have to wait long. First came the rumble—the far-away sound that dies away while it increases—and then, swinging suddenly around a curve, the handcar, bearing the girl he loved and the man he hated. He drew another whiff of smoke and looked calmly at the tumbril of death, with its arms whirling wildly, since George had trusted to the steep grade and the appalling acceleration he had given the machine to accomplish the passage of the bridge, and had sat down alongside of Mollie with his arm around her waist.

Just as they neared the draw, which was never legally allowed open on Sunday, he turned his head and his face became white. Mollie felt the chill circle her waist as his blood froze in his arms. He sprang to his feet and tried to seize those revolving handles, which were only a blur and a mist. He thought of throwing the girl off, but before he could think of anything else the car took the leap, and as Hugh O'Donnell sat smoking in his sentry box he saw the upturned faces, pallid with agony, but pressed close together, go down with the hand car to the deep pools and cruel rocks of the Fox run, and as he did so he said:

"Curse you!" and lighted another pipe.

They found him there, but mad—not raving mad, but in that lymphatic state of mania which is beyond reach. On the shore below, held by the gnarled roots of a willow, were discovered the bodies of George and Mollie. In the moment of death she had thrown her arms about him, and as the sunlight filtered through the surging branches and fell upon the upturned faces, they seemed like bride and groom in the sleep of happiness. So they were married, but death had been the minister. — *Cincinnati Inquirer.*

The Armies of the World.

Three years ago Major-General Emory Upton, with credentials from the United States Government, started on a tour to examine and report upon the condition of the armies of Japan, China, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France and England. He was gone nearly two years; and the work embodying the results of his observations has just been issued. The armies of the countries he visited are thus represented:

	Peace footing.	*War footing.*
Japan	31,440	46,050
China	600,000	1,000,000
India	190,000	500,000
Persia	60,000	120,000
Italy	230,000	869,316
Russia	520,000	1,640,000
Austria	300,000	1,040,000
Germany	421,000	1,340,000
France	490,000	1,730.00
England	138,624	541,624
Totals	2,981,064	9,226,990

Excluding from consideration the first four countries, we find that the peace footing of the nations more or less interested in the Eastern question is an aggregate of 2,096,600 men, while the war footing is nearly 7,600,000men.

A Young Giant.

The "fat man" whom I mentioned in my last letter, writes a correspondent in England, is now exhibiting himself at the Egyptian Hall, in London, and making a good thing of it. Fancy, if you can, a young man only twenty-two years old, weighing 728 pounds, and measuring eight feet round the shoulders. He seems in perfect health and is very chatty, a peculiarity shared by his wife, who accompanies him and who seems proud of having the biggest husband of any woman in England, perhaps in the world.

A Deaf Mute Prodigy.

The *New Dominion Monthly* says: We will conclude this article by mentioning one instance of the extraordinary intellectual calibre of a congenial deaf-mute—a prodigy—which has never been in print before. Some years ago a benevolent gentleman found a red-headed, ragged, little, deaf-mute in the streets of Glasgow, and took him to the school for deaf-mutes in that city. He showed extraordinary intelligence, and the gentleman thought he was a rough diamond, but capable of being highly polished by education and training. During the first session at school the boy shot ahead of every other pupil, and there were then more than a hundred, many of them having been there seven or eight years. The rapidity with which he learned was amazing; indeed; his memory was so retentive that what he once read he never forgot.

Such was the calibre of his mind that nothing was too difficult for his comprehension. He read books on mathematics, methaphysics and the like whether they were printed in English, foreign or dead languages, which he also read with ease. When school was over he would rush to the library, take out a lot of books under his arms, and make his way to the nearest fire to read them, while his schoolmates directed their steps to the play-ground. Such was the force of habit that he would sit near the fire even during summer while he studied. No wonder, with a mind so well stored with knowledge, he was a capital story-teller, and he never used signs since the day he could spell on his fingers. He was appointed an assistant teacher at the school, but he found the task too irksome, and he left the institution to become a common laborer in order to make money more rapidly to purchase books, and neglected his bodily wants.

His books increased in number very fast, and "they formed his table, chair and bed, by being piled one upon another in his lodgings. They were his only articles of furniture. The extraordinary learning of this deaf and dumb laborer attracted the attention of many gentlemen and his employers, who thought that he was not in his proper sphere. They determined to give him a better position, so that his fund of knowledge might be put to some use. They visited his lodgings for this purpose one day when he was not at his work, and found him dead on his bed of books, having literally starved his body to death to feed his hungry mind. He had everything ready for writing a book, which he said would astonish the world. There were several reams of paper and a large bottle of ink, showing that he fully intended to enter upon the work, but there was no indication of what work it would be. His stock of books were printed in several languages of the highest kind of literature. He was sixteen or eighteen years old when he died. He had a florid countenance, red hair, greenish eyes, inclining to blue, which gave him a peculiar expression.

A Mighty Hunter.

Capt. Gilmore relates, in his late record of travel in South Africa, a remarkable story of the prowess of a hunter, who, less known than Gordon Cumming, rivaled him in courage and skill. Mr. Finnety, the hero of the tale, was one day traveling over the uncultivated plains near Bamauwath, riding one horse and leading another. He had watered his animals at a pool, or sley as it is there called, and, passing on a little way beyond, "Two lions sprang from the bush on either side of the road, each seizing a horse. The mount that he was on fell in a moment and shot him over its head, but the hunter was on his feet in a trivet. With the right barrel he killed the assailant of the horse he was riding, with the left the brute that attacked the led horse. So quickly was the whole done that neither of the nags was injured."

Another exploit, told of the same hunter, is less brilliant, yet attests his singular coolness and accuracy of aim. As night closed in, he shot a large white rhinoceros, and left the game to be attended to in the morning:

"At break of day he started alone to find his quarry, and, after going a mile or so, found it dead, with three lions around it. Mr. Finnety strolled up within a short distance of them and killed the trio—each requiring only a single bullet. Soon afterward, having discovered an elephant-spoor, he followed it up, and after noon overtook the herd and bowled over a couple of tuskers. Retracing his steps to regain his wagon, he had to pass by the dead rhinoceros, and, when doing so, found two more lions beside the carcass. These he also killed. In the morning, Mr. Finnety went out with his people to secure the ivory of the elephants slain the day before. On their route they passed a pool in a dry river-bed, and by it were two lions. He left his people, and, unsupported, walked up to them and killed them right and left. Thus seven lions fell before his gun in little over twenty-four hours."

A Lady's Fight With Burglars.

In the absence of Mr. A. A. Hopkins, of the *American Rural Home*, says a dispatch from Rochester, N. Y., an attempt was made to burglarize his house about one o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Hopkins heard the burglars, took a pistol from under her pillow, searched the house, discovered one burglar pacing in the front hall, tried to enter the sitting-room to alarm a gentleman who was sleeping above, but was apprehended by a burglar, who fired at her. In the meantime one of the burglars escaped by the back door, and the other sought his exit. Mrs. Hopkins followed him as closely as the intense darkness permitted. He seized her several times by the hair, but she broke away, and when near the side door raised her pistol and fired at the thief. He retreated to the back door, but the plucky little woman followed, and just as he was about to fire again she emptied another barrel into his right arm. The burglar dropped his pistol, exclaimed, "She's hit me in the arm," and disappeared. Nothing of value was secured. The burglars made an ineffectual attempt to chloroform Mrs. Hopkins and her little daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have practiced pistol-shooting considerably, hence her brave defense against the two burly burglars. Mrs. Hopkins narrowly escaped the two shots fired at her.

A Noble Animal.

Of the late Lord Ravensworth—the gentleman who defended George IV. against Thackeray—Mr. Edmund Yates tells this amusing story. He was a man of no little personal vanity. One cold day in winter, some years back, having wrapped himself in a fur coat, he went to call on some neighbors

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., May 16. 1878.

Bradford county repubs go for Grow—no Camerom in theirs. Grow is growing.

Jas. P. Coburn and J. G. Love are the republican representative delegates from this county; instructed for Beaver for governor.

Wm. Holt and Moses Thompson were the representative delegates from this county to the National convention in Philadelphia last week.

Our state legislature has made up its mind to adjourn May 24.

Havana news says the sugar crop will fall short 30 to 35 per cent. or from 100,000 to 140,000 tons. How will that effect our preserves?

The legislature has sat at Harrisburg so long doing nothing that it has got all mouldy.

The Supreme court the other day rendered a sensible decision on the question af the interpretation of the Eight a Hour law now on the statute books, deciding that only eight hours' pay can be exacted under it for eight hours' work. The case was that of the employees at the Granite Works in Richmond, Va. This decision will prevent the passage by Congress of the contemplated joint resolution declaring that the present law should be construed to mean that ten hours' pay should be given for eight hours' work. Representatives of the laboring men in the navy yards have been for some months advocating the passage of such a resolution. The only relief that can be obtained by these workmen now is to secure the passage of an entirely new law, which is hardly possible at the present session.

On Sunday 80,000 persons visited the Paris exposition. At our Centennial the show was not open on Sunday, but in France there is not the same veneration for the Lord's day. With the gay Parisians Sunday is day of pleasure, and we have no doubt that throughout the French exposition the Sabbath will prove one of the best paying days.

The convention of the Nationals in Philadelphia, last week, was a stormy one, and there came pretty near being a row. Bill Armstrong it is said will take the stump against the ticket. There is still further trouble in the National camp.

Chairman Hughes received a dispatch from Mr. Shearer, declining the nomination of the national party for lieutenant governor. The filling of the vacancy will now devolve upon the state committee. It is believed that Hon. B. S. Bently will also decline.

The Edenburg bank, in the oil country, has closed its doors. Liabilities only $104,000, with assetts next to nothing Deposits from 50 to 60 thousand dollars. Of course there is considerable excitement there over this little affair, and of course the president has left town perhaps for Florida for his health.

The Union National bank of Lewisburg has suspended. It is thought the depositors will be paid in full. That's the usual song right after a bank suspends. We would be right glad to find the depositors come out so well as that.

Relative to the investigation of the Florida frauds, the following was telegraphed from Washington on 9: The Democratic Congressional Executive Committee unanimously agree in common with other members of the party that there should be an investigation of the alleged Florida and Louisiana frauds, for the sole purpose of acquainting the people with the frauds and not with a view of the invalidation of the title by which Hayes holds office.

The Committee on Judiciary will, as soon as the resolution directing them to make inquiry shall pass the House, proceed at once to business. It is not thought that much time will be occupied in the investigation as the Commitee already have testimony taken during the late Congress on the same subject.

There is about as much unnecessary newspaper fuss over Don Cameron's wedding, last week, to a niece of Gen. Sherman, as there was a week before over the death of John Morrisey. Now a great many better men than John Morrisey die every day, and a great many worthier men than Don Cameron get married every week, and you never hear of such death or marriage outside of the immediate locality in which the event occurs.

What is there about Don Cameron that his wedding must take up pages in the daily press? He is the son of the greatest public plunderer and most corrupt politician that the United States ever produced. Simon Cameron started his dishonest career as one of the Pennsylvania canal ring; cheated the Winnebago indians, was kicked out of the democratic party for his corrupt practices, bought his way into the republican party and twice into the United States Senate; swindled the United States out of millions during the war to help his railroad, and for which a republican congress passed a strong resolution of censure upon the Winnebago, and which led to his being kicked out of Lincoln's cabinet—and a hundred other great sins could we score up against Simon Cameron.

Don Cameron, son of Simon, is a cold banker and iron hearted railroad manager, who has given his life to nothing but exacting from the producers and consumers of the country, from whom he has shaved his millions. He is not noted for any good qualities of heart or soul and is now trying to control the republican party by the same means that his sire held it in bondage. Don was Secretary of war at the close of Grant's administration, and it was he who sent soldiers to Louisiana to steal that state for Hayes, and prevent an honest count and thus set aside the will of the nation and brought about the seating of a fraudulent president—now admitted by republicans as well as democrats. If justice had been given Don Cameron for his great crime and usurpation, he would not be living to-day to change the name of Miss Sherman to Mrs. Cameron.

The Cameron family has been a stain upon parties and upon the country—they have done more to introduce corruption in the government than any ten public men living.

The late pulpit blast about there being no hell has cooled off, and we suppose the old lake is hot as ever.

There are 360 inmates in the western penRentiary.]

The new county of Lackawanna will contain 85,000 inhabitants.

THE FUNERAL STEAL.

A member of our state legislature died a short time ago, and now we see that that body is about to appropriate some $2000 to pay funeral expenses! What has the state to do with the funeral expenses of a legislator? Where is there warrant in the constitution for paying such expenses out of the public funds? and if it were in the constitution it would be wrong and should be blotted out at once.

A private citizen, following his own honest avocation, makes from 50 cents to $2 per day—some make nothing these times—if one dies, does the funeral expense come out of the public funds unless the dead is a pauper? A legislator gets $10 per day, he dies, perhaps from too good living or debauchery, and the public to pay his funeral expenses, and at right princely figures at that. Is that right? What better right has a legislator or a congressman with a big salary to be buried at public expense than has the humblest reader of the Reporter?

It is a piece of robbery that the taxpayer must not allow to be covered up with the corpse. At this rate a dead legislator costs us far more than a living one, and the living one costs the people just $1000 beyond what his services are worth. So we go.

The Lycoming Insurance company believes in high salaries. The people about a year ago were startled by the exposure of the enormous salaries received by some of the now defunct eastern insurance companies, but we have one nearer home that goes in for princely salaries too—it is not the Farmers' Mutual of Pennsvalley which works for about board and mileage—but the Lycoming in which many of the readers of the Reporter are insured, and the assessments of which have been rather steep all along. In the Lycoming the Secretary gets $18,000 and the adjusters $5000 salary each. These facts we find in the Huntingdon *Globe's* Report of Court Proceedings, viz:

The next case was Richard Langdon vs. The Lycoming Fire Insurance Company. Mr. Langdon held a policy for $2,100 on the goods in his store at Dunbar, Centre county, in the Lycoming Insurance Company. His store, with its contents, was burned on the night of January 12, 1876, and this suit was brought to recover for his loss. The defence was that he had failed to give the company the notices required in his policy; that he having not complied with the terms of the contract, could not now recover, and that in addition, the Insurance was fraudulently obtained, and was for a much larger amount than it should have been; that the store had been destroyed to get the Insurance, with the usual charges that are made in these cases. The plaintiff, unfortunately, had lost his son who was in the store at the time of the fire and was thus put at a great disadvantage. It came out during the trial that Mr. Crouse, one of the adjusters of the Company, was paid a salary of $5,000; that they have several adjusters, and that the Secretary's salary was more. So big he was ashamed to make it known. It seems it is $18,000, and this is where the money goes. If the people who insure in these companies would only see to these things, it would surely make the costs of insurance a great deal lower. On the second day of the trial, Samuel Wigton, a juror, was excused by consent of the parties on account of sickness, and it was quite laughable to have one of the counsel for the plaintiff rise on the last day of the trial and stop the examination of a witness, because there were only eleven jurors in the box. The part acted in this transaction from beginning to end, by a certain attorney from Tyrone, was anything but creditable, and the severe drubbing he received at the hands of the plaintiff's counsel was well deserved. The case was given to the jury after 11 p. m., Saturday night, who retired and returned in about twenty minutes with a verdict af $2,362.50 for the plaintiff, that being the full amount he claimed. A righteous verdict.

Six men were publicly whipped in the jail yard at Newcastle, Del., on Saturday. That is the way criminals are served in Delaware, and we think it has a greater terror for evil-doers than imprisonment. A man will ten times sooner go to jail than to the whipping post, and is more likely to walk strait on account of the latter.

A despatch dated Lewisburg 10, says the suspension of the Union national bank of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is believed to be only temporary, and results from the mismanagement of the cashier. Depositors will be fully paid, as the assets are largely in excess of the liabilities. Examiner Young is now in charge of the bank, and a statement will be made in a few days.

A friend tells us that a short time ago in the store at Potters Mills, the conversation turned upon the circulation of the county papers. One gentleman, a republican, contended that the Bellefonte Republican had the largest circulation. Another, and no doubt a democrat, claimed for the Watchman a larger circulation than the Republican, while still another claimed that the Reporter had the greatest number of readers. One of the gentlemen afterwards referred the matter to us, and as it seems to interest the people, we give our estimate fairly and candidly as far as we have means to ascertain, and to that extent can be taken as reliable. As to the circulation of the Reporter, we never were guilty of misrepresenting our circulation, a sin that many newspaper men, we are sorry to say, are guilty of—it is a fraud upon men who pay for advertisements upon a circulation which is fictitious.

The circulation of the Reporter is now close on to 1200. In Pennsvalley we have as many subscribers as any two papers in the county; and on the other side of the county we admit that the circulation of this paper is not as large as that of any one of the Bellefonte papers although we send a goodly number of papers to the other side. Taken on the whole, we candidly believe that the Reporter has as large a *bona fide* list as any of the Bellefonte papers, or comes very close up to them. We hold postmasters receipts for 68 cents, or 34 pounds, mailed, per week.

The amount paid per week, at Bellefonte, for the Watchman and the Republican is $1.75, representing 87 pounds or 43 pounds if divided equally between the two.

The Journal at Millheim pays postage on 7 to 8 pounds, or 14 to 16 cents per week, which would indicate a circulation of about 325.

The Philipsburg Journal has a circulation of 350 to 400.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE OLDEST SLAVES IN PA.—Mrs. Hannah Kelly (colored) in her 88th year, died in Williamsport on the 4th inst. She was one of the last persons held in slavery by the laws of the state of Pennsylvania. She was given her freedom at the age of nineteen, by Governor Findlay, and went from Mercersburg to Lancaster, as the servant in the governor's family, when the governor was state treasurer, and the state government was located at that place. This was in the year 1807. A short time before Governor Findlay died, he directed his daughter, who was afterwards the wife of Governor Shunk, to always give good attention to his faithful servant Hannah, and scarcely a year passed, during the life of Mrs. Shunk, that Mrs. Kelly did not receive some substantial token of her friendship and when Mrs. Shunk died, a few months ago, her will directed that $100 should be paid to Hannah, and $200 to her daughter, Capt. Kelly's mother.

NATIONALS' CONVENTION.

BENTLEY NOMINATED FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT AND MASON FOR GOVERNOR.

Philadelphia, May 8.—The national state convention was called to order at Concert hall, this morning at 10:30, by State Chairman Dewees. All the counties in the state with the exception of about five, had full delegations present. Both of the Philadelphia delegations are present in full. Both of them marched in a body, wearing badges. It is estimated that the number of delegates present is about 230. Chairman Dewees, in his address to the convention, reviewed the condition of the party, stating that from 5,000 votes in 1876, it had increased to nearly 55,000 votes in 1877, and that with thorough organization there was no reason that entire success should not be achieved by the party in the next campaign.

Balloting for temporary chairman then began, and David Kirk received the majority and took his seat. Mr. Kirk is the recognized Armstrong candidate Mayor Powderly, the recognized Wright candidate, received only 84 votes.

All efforts at adjournment were defeated and a ballot on the supreme judgeship was proceeded with, resulting in Bentley receiving 114 votes and Agnew 94 votes.

The report of the committee naming Frank W. Hughes for permanent president was adopted.

The convention listened to addresses while the committee on credentials was out making their report. John Siney, of Schuylkill, was the first speaker. He criticised the financial policies of former secretaries of the United States treasury; denounced their contraction policies as the cause of most of the depression that has fallen upon the country and then commented upon the legislature of this state, the members of whom he said were well known to be subject to the dictation of the presidents of a couple of great railroad corporations. He said 75 per cent. of the delegates in the convention were workingmen, and he regretted that there was not a larger representation of the business men and employers. He concluded by calling upon the members of the party to stick to their colors and not give aid and support to the standard bearers of the old party.

The next speaker was Miss Farrar, who argued that the national party should recognize the right of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Burns followed in the same vein.

The following gentlemen were then placed in nomination:

For Governor—S. K. Mason, of Mercer; Thos. M. Marshall, of Allegheny; Hendrick B. Wright of Luzerne, and Chas. N. Corson, of Montgomery.

For Judge of the Supreme Court—Judge Agnew of Beaver; Judge Clayton of Delaware; Thomas J. Bentley; Judge Mayer, of Clinton.

For Lieutenant Governor—R. B. M'Gough, of Lawrence; Christopher Shearer of Berks, Wm. Holt, of Centre.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs—James L. Wright, of Philadelphia; Prof. A. M. Burt, of Allegheny; Hugh B. Stevens, of Philadelphia; Joseph A. M'Gee, of Philadelphia.

A resolution was offered proposing that the convention recognize no candidate that has any affiliation with the old parties. This was amended so as not to apply to the judiciary. The amendment was lost and the original motion was carried. Immediately there was a wholesale denunciation of candidates. Hon. Hendrick B. Wright was accused of being a democrat dyed in the wool. Mr. Armstrong was accused of being a republican who was insincere in the greenback cause. There was crimination and recrimination and the wildest confusion ensued—forty members being on their feet at once yelling for the ballot to proceed on the governorship—others moving to adjourn and still others gesticulating and brawling at the top of their voices. Finally the vote was taken and it was decided to proceed to ballot on the governorship.

A motion to nominate S. B. Mason by acclamation was lost.

The name of Thomas R. Marshall was withdrawn and the ballot proceeded.

Two ballots were taken on the governorship, the first resulting as follows: Armstrong, 84; Wright, 64, Mason, 93; Piollot, 4.

The second ballot was as follows: Armstrong, 24; Wright, 57; Mason, 115; Piollet, 2. Mason was thereupon declared the nominee, and the nomination was made unanimous.

There was but one ballot taken on the lieutenant governorship and it resulted as follows: Shearer 129, Fincher 3 and Jackson 37. All the other candidates for the position were withdrawn.

A motion was made to nominate James L. Wright, of Philadelphia, for secretary of internal affairs.

The ballot for secretary of internal affairs resulted as follows: Wright, 93; Burtt, 75; Caldwell, 3. The name of M'Gee had been withdrawn.

The convention then took up the platform, which generally renunciates the principles adopted in the national convention at Toledo in February last. They declare that the government should furnish aid to families desirous of settling upon the public lands. They favor rigid economy in the administration of public affairs; demand the eight-hour system of labor; abolition of the prison contract system of labor; a graduated system of income tax, by which the wealth of the nation rather than the industry of the people should pay the expenses of the government; wholesome and permanent tariff laws for the protection of American industry; education should be free, secular and industrial, and no property except what belongs to the government should be exempt from taxation.

[Messrs. Bentley, Mason and Shearer have affiliated with the republicans and Wright with the democrats.]

THE OBJECTS OF THE HOWGATE POLAR EXPEDITION.

Favorable reports relative to Captain Howgate's plan for exploring the Arctic regions have been made in both Houses of Congress, and a bill providing for a suitable appropriation will shortly be considered. Captain Howgate has pointed out the cardinal objects of his plan with much clearness, and in a way which must go far to satisfy those who can see no national benefit to accrue from Polar expeditions, the ostensible end of which is the empty glory of showing the flag at the pole, annexing new territories of ice fields, and bringing polar bears and Esquimaux under the blessings of a Republican government. The fact is, however, that the benefits to be gained by Captain Howgate's scheme are really a great importance; and perhaps most especially so in the additions to our knowledge of the laws of meteorology which will be secured. In reducing meteorology to an exact science, an experienced German student and explorer has shown the necessity of a comprehension of the conditions existing in the Polar zones. The general movements of the atmosphere arise from the exchange of cold and warm, of dry and humid air, between the poles and the equator. How enormous must be the influence of the huge masses of polar ice upon the distribution of the earth's heat is obvious. Greenland and Iceland afford proofs how the movements of ice, driven by winds and oceanic currents, may affect the climate of a country, but our knowledge of these movements is very defective. Now it is possible that the ice of the Polar zones may be the regular cause of our own climatic conditions the origin of many of the furious storms which sweep destructively along our coasts and over our own land. It is probably not saying too much, adds the same authority, when we assert that the Polar regions are the most important portions of our globe for the study of the natural sciences.

The extreme conditions under which the forces of nature act in the vicinity of the poles produce phenomena which offer us the best means of investigating the nature of the forces themselves. As in meteorology, so, also, in terrestial magnetism and electricity, these have to do with forces of the most tremendous magnitude, often exhibited in destructive energy, but never yet subdued to the service of man. So, too, if it is desired to investigate the ocean currents and the laws of the tides upon which depend the safety and success of ocean commerces are found centering in the North which must be traced to their source. Probably there is not one of the laws which govern the elements in their movements, a better knowledge of which will not result in material benefit to the race in cheapening the means of supporting life, in increasing the sources of human happiness, or in averting the perils to which we are now subject.

Captain Howgate's plan is simply that the explorers shall go as far north as they can and settle there, building themselves a suitable habitation. As soon as fixed good weather or other conditions indicate the possibility of an advance, they are again to push forward and again settle when stopped, and thus it is believed, by slow, gradual progression, the adventurers, who meanwhile will become acclimated to the cold and other abnormal phenomena, will be enabled in time to reach the pole.—*Scientific American.*

TO BE REMEMBERED.

From the Washington Post.

It was not in ink that the following certificate of character was written, but with a blue pencil. It should be read often:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 18, 1877.

Dear Sir: I am reliably assured that L. G. Dennis of Florida would make a capital special agent of the Treasury. I respectfully desire that his claims should have your favorable attention. Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES

HON. JOHN SHERMAN and others

In spite of the opposition of the republican senate the democratic house has made a reduction of upwards of $20,000,000 in public expenditures. The official reports show that the ordinary expenditures for the fiscal year 1875-76 under a republican congress were $136,000,417, while the expenditures under the appropriations of a democratic house for the fiscal year 1876-77 were $116,946,211, showing a difference in favor of the democrats of $20,354,206.

The President is thinning the population of the penitentiaries pretty rapidly. Two hundred and forty-five pardons during the first year of his administration is an extensive exercise of the Executive clemency.

THE FLORIDA RESOLUTION.

The Congressional Committee Decides Upon Action as Soon as Practicable.

Washington, May 8.—There has been a good deal of inquiry to-day for the Florida resolution. There is just enough mystery about it all to stimulate curiosity, though there are but few who believe the denouement will be at all commensurate with the portentious preparations for its initiation. A morning paper of this city published to-day the following as the actual text of the resolution and preamble:

Whereas, The vote of Florida was carried by fraud, the seats of members in this House are affected thereby and the accompanying affidavits support the statements of McLin; therefore

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be instructed to inquire into the facts alleged in the affidavits of McLin and others, that the committee be authorized to send for persons and papers to inquire into the same, and that the committee report at any time.

The gentlemen who have charge of the resolution deny that it has been given out for publication, but the document in question was freely passed around among Congressmen both yesterday and to-day. The custodians of the resolution are Messrs. Springer, Finley, of Ohio, and General Williams, of Michigan. In answer to the question whether the resolution published this morning was genuine, Mr. Finley said: "I do not say it is not a correct representation." The gentlemen in charge of the Presidential torpedo have been in brisk demand to-day, but they have met all inquiries with evasive answers. Mr. Springer said that the resolution would be offered as soon as a plan could be decided upon for bringing it before the House. General Williams, who is generally believed to be in personal possession of the document, said to-day that it was in the possession of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Blackburn said the resolution was either in the hands of General Williams or Mr. Springer, that the former of these gentlemen had been chosen by common consent as the person most fit to offer the resolution, and that the matter would come up in all probability in the morning. The resolution, he said, would about cover one page of legal cap paper, and embraced two propositions. The first involved the contested election case of Bisbee vs. Finley for the Second Florida District. This was to serve as the basis for a question of privilege and the entering wedge for the second proposition, which involves the electoral vote of Florida and consequently the Presidential title. Mr. Blackburn says the resolution in its present shape will be objectionable to a number of Southern Democrats who are unwilling to broach the question of the Presidential title under cover of a minor proposition. "It would be," said he, "about as dignified and honorable a thing as to take out a search warrant for a pig, and then drive in a drove of cattle." He thinks the question of the title of Mr. Hayes should be tested fairly and on the broadest possible grounds. Let the examination be thorough and fearless, but let it end with an investigation. It is worse than folly to think of unseating Mr. Hayes so long as there exists a Supreme Court which is his servile tool. An adverse decision by that tribunal would not only be inevitable but fatal to the hopes of the Democratic party.

There was a joint meeting this afternoon of the Congressional Democratic Committee, at which the question of an investigation was thoroughly discussed. It was then decided that the resolution should be presented at the earliest practicable moment to the House, requiring the Judiciary Committee to send for persons and papers on the Florida count. It was also agreed that the inquiry should be a judicial one, so far as the rules of evidence applied, and should not partake of the ways and means not infrequent in the investigating committees of both parties. Those who are favoring an inquiry into the fraud do not seek to make a great sensation out of it but want the truth ascertained in the proper way. There are, of course, a great many stories as to what will be submitted as evidence and one of them is that Dennis informed Hayes of the frauds which had been committed by the Republicans in Alachua and that the President responded by giving him the letter commending him to Secretary Sherman which has been recently published.

EMPEROR WILLIAM SHOT AT.

Berlin, May 11—11 p. m.—Two shots were fired into the Emperor William's carriage from the sidewalk without effect. The assassin ran into the Middle avenue, followed by a crowd. On an attempt being made to capture him he fired three more shots and threw his revolver away. He was then secured.

The emperor's carriage was stopped and the footman sprang from the box and assisted at the capture. A few minutes afterwards another individual was seized in the Middle avenue, in consequence of an alleged attempt to rescue the assassin.

The assassin is a tinsmith named Emil Heinrich Max Hoedel, said to be from Leipsic. He was taken to the nearest police station, where a preliminary investigation was instituted. The accomplice arrested is named Krueger, a laborer, belonging to Berlin.

There were unceasing demonstrations before the palace throughout the evening. Dense masses are streaming in from the remotest suburbs to manifest their loyalty and sympathy, singing the national anthem.

The emperor went to the opera and Royal theatre to-night and received great ovations.

Berlin, May 12.—At the official examination Hoedel, the prisoner, stated he was a native of Leipsic and born in 1857. He denied that he fired at the emperor. He affirmed that he was without food and intended to shoot himself publicly to show the rich the present condition of the people. He stated that he shot once at himself and could not account for the other three shots which were wanting in the chambers of his revolver.

POPULAR EXEGESIS.

Psalm lxviii, 13. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

In a previous number we spoke of the great obscurity of this passage and suggested some explanation. Even Albert Barnes, after citing many opinions, said: "I confess none are satisfactory—*I cannot understand it.*"

Since that was printed what seems to be an explanation comes from a new quarter. Miss Whateley, in a spirit of Christlike benevolence went to Cairo, Egypt, for the purpose of establishing a ragged school for the poor neglected girls of that city. Hard was her toil, but great her success. Her name is now a household word in the East. This gifted lady published some years ago an account of her educational labors, in a little volume entitled "Ragged Life in Egypt," in which interesting work are many illustrations of Scripture texts, which to those ignorant of Eastern life seem fanciful, but are really as truthful as they are beautifully suggestive of spiritual lessons.

After years of quiet waiting to get some light on the Psalmist's words—words at once so exquisite in beauty but so difficult of interpretation—we found in Miss Whateley's volume the long-desired explanation; and to us, as we trust to many who will honor us by reading this article, this "thing of beauty" will henceforth be a "joy for ever." See the flood of light she throws upon this hitherto inexplicable passage! Speaking of the flat roofs of the houses in the East, she says: "They are usually in a state of great litter. Were it not that an occasional clearance is made, they would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing seemed never cleared away, however, and that is the heap of old, broken pitchers, sherds and *pots* that are piled up in some corner. . . . A little before sunset, numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish where they had been sleeping in the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upward and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining, 'yellow gold'; then, as they wheel around, and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light-colored. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of light in these regions can scarcely be described to those who have not seen it. Evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance. 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.'"

Having thus happily illustrated the text, Miss Whately gives the spiritual application. "It was beautiful," she says, "to see these birds rising, clean and unsoiled as doves always do, from the dust and dirt in which they had been hidden, and soaring aloft in the sky till nearly out of sight among the bright sunset clouds. Thus a believer, who leaves behind him the corruptions of the world, and is rendered bright by the Sun of Righteousness shining upon his soul, rises higher and higher, and nearer and nearer to his God, until, lost to the view of those who stay behind, he has passed into the unknown brightness above."—Rev. Dr. Deems, in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for June.*

POLITICAL LEPROSY.

EDITOR REPORTER.—Ancient history tells us of a loathsome disease called leprosy, which seemed to prevail to a fearful extent among the ancient people in the eastern countries. This disease was very contagious, so much so, that the people built hospitals in order to confine all subjects of that fearful disease. No one who was not afflicted with it was allowed to approach near the building, while the afflicted were shut in the building. They could not convey food to them, save at such times that the food was brought so that the afflicted could get it after those that brought it had time to get quite a distance away from the building: so fearfully contagious was this horrible disease.

Now, Mr. Editor, is not this alarming disease found to prevail in our state capitol, these latter days?

When we think we are electing men of integrity and honor, to fill high places of trust, they become smitten with this fell disease, leprosy. This, however, is mental leprosy—the whole mental man becomes deformed and corrupt beyond description, so that the very air that he breathes becomes infested. I would that I had the ability to paint just one subject of this rotten disease to hold up to the gaze of an insulted and oppressed people.

It is not only confined to our state capitol, but it runs through all political rings. Beware, fellow citizens, it is dangerous; stand from under.

I am glad to know that the people have a panacea, or shall I say a radical cure, for this deformity,—the ballot box, the wielding power of a republican government. Let us join hand in hand and apply the remedy, but first of all select men who are not smitten with this mental leprosy.

NEAR SPRUCE TOWN.

A TALE OF HORROR.

[The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

Mr. John Pore, who lives in the lower part of Lumpkin county, had two little children, aged respectively three and six. They were engaged in their customary play a few days ago, while the mother was at the well. The oldest child, for what reason it will never be known, picked up a sharp hatchet and struck the baby in the side, leaving the ax sticking in the wound. The child, seeing what he had done, ran and told his mother, who was drawing up water at the time. This so frightened her that she let go the windlass, and the revolving crank struck the boy on the head and literally knocked his brains out, killing him instantly. When the horror-stricken mother got to her baby it was also dead.

HALFPENNY & CO'S FACTORY BURNED.

The Lewisburg Journal, 8, say: Last night will long be remembered by our citizens. About 11 o'clock a storm came up, which was accompanied by much thunder and lightning. Soon after the alarm of fire was given. It was found M Halfpenny & Co's large woolen mill, located at the river bridge, was on fire. The flames were first seen in the main building, on the third story, near the elevator. Rain was coming down in torrents, but the engine and hose were there in quick season. Streams were thrown, but each time the engine started the hose would burst. Valuable time was thus wasted and the flames soon enveloped the whole building.

A two-story frame building owned by Halfpenny & Co., and partly used as a storehouse by them, and the remainder occupied as a residence by Mr. John Brooks, soon caught fire. It could have been easily saved if the hose had been in good order.

In the midst of the excitement, when appearances indicated that all that portion of the borough would be destroyed, another thunder shower come up, and never was a shower more welcome. At this moment the four houses of Mr. James Wall were on fire, and others could not long have withstood the heat. The rain, however, smothered the fire in all cases except the two buildings of Halfpenny & Co.

The woolen factory was insured as follows: On building and machinery, $20,000, on stock $6,000.

The frame building was insured: On storehouse and dwelling $800, stock fully insured.

It has not yet been decided whether the factory will be rebuilt or not.

The fire is supposed to have been caused either by spontaneous combustion or by the lightning.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W & B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed,

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

Three hundred and nine oil wells were completed last month, an increase of 107 over March's contribution.

BARGAINS.

Bargains! Bargains!

In MEN'S and BOYS,

BOOTS and SHOES!

also a LARGE VARIETY of

CHILDREN'S SHOES, at

LOUIS DOLL'S Shoe Store,

opposite the Bush house, Bellefonte, room formerly occupied by John Powers. apr25y

Special Notices

PIMPLES,

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 2 ct. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co, 20 Ann St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Imported to parents and teachers. 26 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Delf & Co., 20 Ann St., N.Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 316 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.

JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 31 jan 6ms,

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

n Central Pennsylvania, and prices that will compel you in self defence to buy of hm. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oe

A full line of Howe Sewing Machines and Needles for all kinds of machines. 19apl

LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody, in every county in the United States and Canada. Enlarged by the publisher to 648 pages. It contains over 2000 household recipes and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book and a household necessity. It sells at sight. Greatest inducements ever offered to book agents. Sample copies sent by mail, Postpaid, for $2.00 Exclusive territory given. Agents more than double their money. Address Dr. Chase's Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor Michigan. 9 may 13t

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots,	$1.75
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters,	1.00
Ladie's Lasting Slippers,	.50
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters,	1.25
Ladie's Coarse Shoes,	1.00
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade,	3.50.
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes,	1.50.

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins. Keeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the

BISHOP STREET BAKERY,

is now making the very best

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,

in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. nov15

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS

S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY

SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,

TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES

FANCY AND TOILET

ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

S. T. SHUGERT.

LOOK! LOOK!

BARGAINS

-IN-

NEW GOODS!!

-NOW, *EINS, ZWEI, DREI,* FOR A-
-RACE TO GET THE FIRST-
-BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS-
-AT-

WM. WOLF'S

IN THE

New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods

OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Rememdrr the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

HO! FOR

SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of
6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

HARPSTER & NOLAN,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables him to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec6 tf

C. C. CONSER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6decy

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D. SHUGERT Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits,

And Allow Interest,

Discount Notes,

Buy and Sell

Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.

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We are now selling

New Pianos FOR $125

Each, and all styles including Grand, Square and Upright, all new and strictly first-class, at the lowest net cash wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. No Agents; no commissions; no discounts. Pianos for $125, containing

MATHUSHEK'S

New Patent Dupl

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1878. NUMBER 20.

Safe.

Safe? the battle-field of strife
Seldom knows a pause in strife,
Every path is set by snares,
Every joy is crossed with cares.
Brightest morn has darkest night,
Fairest bloom has quickest blight.
Hope has but a transient gleam,
Love is but a passing dream.
Trust is folly's helpless waif,
Who dare call their dearest safe?
But thou, though peril loom afar,
What hast thou to do with war?
Let the wild stream flood its brink,
There's no bark of thine to sink.
Let falsehood wave its subtle net,
Thou art done with vain regret.
Let fortune frown and friends grow strange,
Thou hast passed the doom of change.
We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—
Safe, my darling, dead, and safe?

Some Time.

Some time, tired heart of mine,
You shall have a long, long rest;
An't the quiet evening sun,
Sloping outward to the west,
Creeping in the casement wide,
Shall look on a quiet breast,
Though the birds shall coo and call
As the deeper shadows fall.
You may rest.

Some time, patient eyes of mine,
You may take a long, long sleep;
Though the early morning sun
All along the wall shall creep,
Waxen eyelids will not lift
From the watching which they keep;
Though a sunbeam, overbold,
Seek to part your curtain's fold,
You may sleep.

Some time, striving hands of mine,
There will be a long, long peace;
Loosened from the tasks you hold
Into new and sweet release,
Other hands must place you close
In a dumb amen for grace.
Even love's touch, soft and warm,
Dare not break such prayerful form
Of your peace.

Some time, restless feet of mine,
There will come a long, long day
When you need not cross the sill
From the flushing till the gray.
Other steps must bear you forth
To the place where clay is clay.
Though I led you out at light
They will bring you home when night
Ends our day.

PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river toward the big city, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away — across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness and up the Medway, as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water with pottery or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy, and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we have been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the sama as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by the work on the barge fell more and more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old barge, Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail or a wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for a kindly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to make me sad, for the faces I looked on seemed to be so different to mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller and dreamed and dreamed in a waking fashion of how I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working, on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and have a pull at the sheet or take a reef in the sail; because the wind freshened and my dreams all passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller, and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being sculled towards us, and I knew it was coming from the great iceboard barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said to myself at last in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in the little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern John Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sunburnt face and brown arms and hands I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said, as he came close in; and I did it dreamily, and as soon as I had done so I began to pull it back, but it was too late; he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side before I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt sometimes hot and sometimes cold, as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said at last.

"No, my lass," he said quietly, "I want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his handsome brown face lit up, and he looked so manly as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke to you."

"Spoke to me?" I said, with my face burning still.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four years."

"Oh, John," I cried, bursting out laughing and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."

"Over again? What?" I said.

"Call me John," he replied.

"Well, then, John," I cried hastily.

"That's right, Prudence; but, as I was going to say, not spoken to one another? Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you, night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the Prudence would come in sight and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the hand back."

I could feel the color coming back into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've saved up £10, all my own, and our owner has just given me the command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've been courting four years, you wouldn't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him—never."

"But you'll have to some day, Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully downhearted and miserable.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more every day, and I must stay."

"Prudence," he said sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with any one else, and go aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear, some day you may have to leave him, and when you do, will you please recollect John Grove loves you better than aught else in the wide world, and is waiting for you to come?"

"Yes, John," I said simply.

"You mean it, Prudence?" he cried in delight, as he caught my hand.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares for me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said sharply.

"Then I don't care for them, John,' I said simply; "and if you like me, and I ever do—do—leave—oh, dear! what am I saying?"

I sat down on a fender and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry; but he took my hands down, and looked long and lovingly in my face, with his great, honest brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but seemed to choke. At last he gasped out;

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to me some day, I know."

I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master's a-waiting too."

He went quietly over the side and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward seeing to the light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn-out to utter a moan of horror, and sob, "Oh, father! father! what shall I do!"

"Is that you, Prudence?" said a voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside, when John streched out his hand and took mine.

"Quick!" I gasped, "save him, John—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"Yes, yes," I wailed; "oh, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong. I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you were gone."

"But father," I wailed, "father—save him!"

"My poor little lass," he said, tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now if you bid me; but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that he must have been swept far away before then; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me and said but little, and at last his time was up and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-by, when I put my hands in his and said quietly—

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise."

"And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass," he cried eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass, never," he cried. "And you'll be my little wife?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."

"When I come back from this voyage?"

"Yes, John, when you will," I said, and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their captains in their gold-laced caps, and as he does so he whispers—

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king."

And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Great Thirst Land.

We take the following from a recently published work descriptive of Southern Africa, entitled "The Great Thirst Land:" The sufferings endured on account of the drought were at times almost terrific. The throats of the oxen were so parched that they could not low. The dogs suffered even more than the cattle. Nor are the wild animals exempt from the plague of the land.

When water becomes scarce in these thirsty plains, the whole of the wild animals that inhabit them congregate round any pool that may be left, for with very few exceptions all have to drink once in twenty-four hours. The lions, which follow the game, thus are led to their drinking places not only to assuage their thirst, but to satisfy their hunger.

To watch one of these pools at night, as I did in the northern Massara country, is a grand sight, and one never to be forgotten. The naturalist and the sportsman can here see sights that will astonish them, and cause them to wonder at the wonderful instincts possessed by the animal kingdom.

At such watering-places the small antelopes invariably drink first, the larger later on, and with them the zebras and buffaloes. After these come the giraffes, closely followed by the rhinoceros, and next the elephant, who never attempts to hide his approach—conscious of his strength—but trumpets forth a warning to all whom it may concern that he is about to satisfy his thirst. The only animal that does not give place to the elephant is the rhinoceros; obstinate, headstrong and piglike, he may not court danger, but assuredly he does not avoid it. The elephant may drink by his side, but must not interfere with him, for he is quick to resent an insult, and I am assured that when one of these battles takes place the rhinoceros is invariably the victor. The elephant is large, of gigantic power, but the other is far more active, while the formidable horn that terminates his nose is a dreadful weapon when used with the force that he has the power to apply to it. I have been told on trustworthy authority that a rhinoceros in one of those blind fits of fury to which they are so suiject, attacked a large wagon, inserted his horn between the spokes of the wheel and instantly overturned it, scattering the contents far and wide, and afterwards injuring the vehicle to such an extent as to render it useless.

The lion is not tied to time in drinking. After it feels it comes to water, but it never would dare to interfere with the rhinoceros or the elephant. Where the buffalo exists in numbers it is the principal prey of the lion; in other localities antelope and chiefly the zebra are its food.

Russian Proverbs.

Praise not the crop until it is stacked.

Bread and salt humble even a robber.

Love, fire, and a cough cannot be hid.

A full stomach is deaf to instruction.

No bones are broken by a mother's fist.

God is not in haste, but His aim is sure.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

If you hunt two hares you will catch neither.

Lies march on rotten legs; who lies will steal.

Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire.

Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe.

Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolves away.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.

Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praises I sing.

The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf.

The wolf asked the goat to dinner; but the goat declined.

It is not necessary to plough and sow fools—they grow of themselves.

With God go even over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

Dog, why do you keep your tail bewteen your legs? I am afraid of the wolf.

A Spider's Ready Wit.

Dr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, of London, writes: The following incident, which I witnessed, may possibly interest some of your readers: A boy removed a small spider to place it in a big spider's web, which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, who ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature (spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, who are given to devour their smaller male lovers). When the little spider was barely an inch in advance of its pursuer, it cut with one of its legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason.

THE HYDROPHOBIA QUESTION.

Is there such a Disease? Opinions of Henry Bergh and Dr. Hammond.

In view of the careful history of the case of Richard Schweitzer, of Melrose, made by Dr. Kretschmar, says the New York *Herald*, and in view of the physician's positive declaration that the case was one of hydrophobia, considerable surprise was occasioned by the result of the post-mortem examination. Dr. MacWhinnie, who made this examination, declared that the immediate cause of the death was not hydrophobia, but asphyxia, and the opinion of Mr. Henry Bergh and that of Dr. William A. Hammond was asked for on the bearing of Schweitzer's case on the much vexed question of hydrophobia.

In the post-mortem examination a small fibrinous clot was found in the left ventricle that indicated that death was due to protracted causes, not to sudden violence. Bits of the egg eaten by the boy shortly before his death were found in the right bronchus and in the right lung. Dr. MacWhinnie, therefore, declared that death was caused by asphyxia, caused by the impaction of pieces of egg in his lung and bronchus.

Mr. Bergh, being asked, said that he was firm in his disbelief in the existence of such a disease as hydrophobia. He made a distinction between a mad dog and a hydrophobic one. He said he was frequently mad himself, but it by no means followed that he had the hydrophobia. So a dog might be maddened by ill-treatment. He might be worried into madness, but he was not necessarily hydrophobic. He thought the principal trouble in the dog question came from its treatment by politicians, who were not competent to deal with it. He had offered years ago to manage the whole matter if the city would only provide a house and a keeper. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals would send then around daily and "scoop up" the stray dogs without charging the city for the service.

"Then do you believe in killing these dogs?" he was asked.

"I must confess," said Mr. Bergh, "that the unfortunate animals would be better off dead than alive, and it is not right that they should run at large, alarming the community. But I do object to the treatment they receive now."

"Do you not consider," was the next question, "that the bite of a dog maddened by worry or other means is more dangerous than that of a dog uninfluenced in that way?"

"Why certainly it is," said Mr. Bergh, and he told a story of a woman suckling a child while she was in a fit of rage and of the consequent death of the child.

Dr. William A. Hammond, on the other hand, declared, after reading Dr. Kretschmar's history of Richard Schweitzer's case and the account of the post-mortem examination, that it was unquestionably a case of hydrophobia.

"I thought it was not genuine hydrophobia," said he, "when I read the first accounts because they spoke of the child barking like a dog. In pseudo hydrophobia, which is a hysterical disease, superinduced by the imagination, patients often do this, but not in genuine hydrophobia. As to the child dying by choking, the choking was a symptom of the hydrophobia. Dr. Kretschmar's history of the case is an excellent one and leaves no doubt as to its nature. One of the strongest proofs of it is the abnormal temperature. In the real hydrophobia the temperature is always high, ranging from 105 to 110. In the false disease it is never raised, but always remains normal."

"I would be in favor of leaving the whole question of handling the dogs to Mr. Bergh's society," said he, in reply to further questions; "for it has done a deal of good, and would unquestionably deal with the dogs in the best way; but Mr. Bergh is doing a great mischief by promulgating his disbelief in hydrophobia, in spite of the fact that all the authorities assert its existence. It was formerly denied that there was such a disease, but no authority denies it now. And just so far as people are led by Mr. Bergh to disbelieve in the disease, just so far will they be inclined to neglect the proper measures of precaution when they are bitten."

"It is a serious fact," he said further, "that no one has ever lived after hydrophobia has been developed in his system. There is no cure for the disease known, though it may be prevented by prompt measures taken after the bite has been inflicted. Excision is probably the best of all prophylactics, and should be performed as soon as possible. The operation should not be done with a niggardly hand, but every part with which the teeth of the animal have come in contact should be removed, as well as the tissue into which the poison may have become infiltrated. Canterization may be performed instead of excision, and is preferred by some practitioners. Mr. Youatt, of England, used it with over four hundred persons bitten by rabid animals, and never unsuccessfully. He preferred the nitrate of silver, but others have used the actual cautery, caustic alkalies. I have performed excision in eleven cases and canterization seven times, four with the nitrate of silver and three with the actual cautery, and always successfully."

As to the treatment with strychnia which Dr. Koetschmer employed, Dr. Hammond said that he did not believe in it, but would not condemn it, because if a disease which had never been cured a physician was justified in doing anything which he might fancy would do good.

A Howling Dervish.

A Gallipoli correspondent of the London *Times* writes: Rich in shrines and monastic institutions, Gallipoli has been from the early days of the Ottoman rule in Europe a stronghold of the faith. It shelters three sects of dervishes; the Beys, the largest landed proprietors, are mostly affiliated to one or other of the orders; wealth and influence belong here to Islam, and the rule of the high priest of the howlers overrides that of the appointed governor. An able, enterprising, intriguing, money getting fellow is this distinguished dervish, though you would hardly think it to see him with bowing head and eyes cast down, pale and ascetic of aspect, in green pelisse and turbaned calpack, slowly pacing the streets on his high-bred horse, with an attendant holding either stirrup. Still less would you think it if you saw him in mosque on Tuesday or Friday, howling like a maniac till he foams at the mouth and drops exhausted. And yet this Hussam Effendi is a keen man of business, manages vast estates with great ability, and conducts extensive commercial operations in timber and agricultural produce with success, lends money to small farmers, has a large share in a steam flour mill and biscuit factory, and is one of the largest contractors for army and navy supplies. It is impossible to believe that one of such practical mind as Hussam Effendi should have faith in the value, theologically speaking, of his grotesque and painful ritual; but he owes much of his influence to his reputation for holiness, which, won by constant and efficient howling, is as substantial an item of his large stock in trade as the engine in the biscuit factory. Hussam Effendi's steadfastness to the rule of his order is thus by no means irreconcilable with his keen pursuit in this world's goods.

Cigar Ends.

Probably few people in this country are aware that that usually wasted substance, a cigar end, is utilized in Germany to a large extent, and with even beneficent results.

We can imagine many of our readers wondering what can be the object of collecting these small ends; and we will therefore briefly explain that they are sold for the purpose of being made into snuff, and that the proceeds of such sales are devoted to charitable purposes. There is in Berlin a society called the "Verein der Sammler von Cigarren Abschnitten," or the Society of Collectors of Cigar-cuttings, which has been in existence some ten years, and has done much good. Every Christmas the proceeds of the cigar ends collected by this society and its friends are applied to the purchase of clothes for some poor orphan children.

In 1876 about thirty children were clothed by this society, each child being provided with a pair of good leather boots, a pair of woollen stockings, a warm dress and a pocket-handkerchief. In addition to this, a large, well decorated Christmas tree is given for their entertainment, and each child is sent home with a good supply of fruit and sweetmeats. Altogether, more than two hundred poor orphan children have been clothed by this society, simply by the proceeds of such small things as cigar ends.

The success of the Society at Berlin has induced further enterprise in the same direction, and it is now proposed to erect a building to be called the "Deutsches Reichs-Waisenhaus" (Imperial German Orphan Home), where orphans who are left unprovided for may be properly cared for, clothed and instructed. The site proposed for this institution is at Lahr in Baden, where there are a number of snuff manufactories, and it is therefore well adapted to the scheme, which we can only hope may be successfully carried out.

The system of collection, which is extended over a large part of Germany, is generally undertaken by one or two ladies or gentlemen in each town, who collect now and then from their smoking friends the ends which they have been saving up. These collectors either send on the cigar-ends to the central society, or sell them on the spot and transmit the proceeds. This latter plan, when it can be worked, is preferable, as saving expenses in carriage and packing. It is proposed that the number of children which each town shall have the privilege of sending to the home shall be regulated according to the amount which they have contributed to the society.

To insure the success of this institution, it will be absolutely necessary for all to unite and work together; each one must not leave it for his neighbor, thinking that one more or less can make no difference. To show, however, what might be accomplished by a thorough unity in the matter, let us say that there are at least ten million smokers in Germany; or, to be very much within the mark, we will take only five million smokers who will give themselves the trouble, if such it is, of saving up their cigar ends; and assuming that the cigar ends of each person are worth only a quarter *Pfennig* (ten Pfennig equal one penny English), we have a total revenue for the year of six hundred and fifty thousand marks, or thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds.

Now, these thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds, which, as a rule, are thrown away and wasted, can be used to provide a home for at least thirteen thousand poor orphan children. Further, if the five million smokers would contribute but once a year the value only of a single cigar, say in Germany one penny, this would make an additional five hundred thousand marks, or twenty-five thousand pounds, which would clothe another ten thousand children.

Now we ask, is it not worth while to be careful in small things, and to save up these usually wasted cigar ends, when we see what great things might result? We can only conclude by wishing success to this remarkable institution, which has taken for its motto the most appropriate words, "Viele Wenig machen ein Viel;" or in the words of the old Scottish proverb, "Many a little makes a mickle."—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Treasury Lady the Victim of Alcohol.

A Washington correspondent says: One of those ingenious women whose business it is to examine mutilated and illegible currency in the Treasury has recently come to grief. This woman had so ably performed this intricate work for several years as to have become almost indispensable not only to the department, but scarcely less so to numerous banks in different parts of the country, who but for her patience must have lost considerable sums in worn currency. Her skill in restoring what looked like a hopeless mass was marvellous, and in consideration of her perseverance in this direction, some of the banks have from time to time attested their appreciation of the material benefit thus derived, by handsome donations of money, one or two, it is understood, paying her as high as $1,000 per year. I take equal pride in the gallantry of such men and the ability of such a woman. Too often are women compelled to feel that they gain nothing by marked fidelity. These gifts from the banks were, of course, in addition to the regular salary paid by the treasury, of $1,200. For a considerable time it was sadly noticed that this woman was manifestly falling into the insidious power of a terrible syren. Often and again, it could not be denied, she was not quite herself long before the hour for the close of work. Admonitions, kind and gentle, and warnings, oft repeated, were of no avail. She was hopelessly enthralled. At last she came to the office one morning already too oblivious to faithfully perform her usual task, and, as patience had long since ceased to be a virtue, a carriage was called and she was sent, a victim of alcohol, to her home, there to find that ominous yellow envelope containing a notice of dismissal from service had preceded her coming. Strange to say, her predecessor in the same position, who had served long and acceptably, but for this weakness, was discharged for the same cause.

Chinese Superstitions.

To break a tween the mirror and its owner's life is evidenced death, or otherwise, and is only second in ominous portent to breaking an oil-jar. And this superstition of a connection existing between mirror augurs a separation from one's wife by also by its use in cases of sickness to form the head of a sort of figure made of one of the sick man's coats which, suspended to a bamboo with the end-leaves still on it, is carried about in the vicinity of the house in the hope of attracting the departing soul back to its body. * * * Who has not noticed or heard of the bizarre arrangement of Chinese gardens and rookeries? The motive for this laying out the pleasure-grounds attached to large houses is not simply ornamental. No doubt the Chinaman is one of the most ingenious of landscape gardeners, but the crooked walks and abrupt turns not only economize space but are "lucky," inasmuch as they discourage the advent of evil spirits, who like the "broad way" in China much as they are reputed to do in Europe.—*Folk lore of China*

MARRIED BY DEATH.

The Terrible Ride on a Railroad Hand Car—A Fearful Revenge.

A most horrible affair took place recently on a branch line of the radiating road running from the great iron artery of the P. W. and B. railroad, up through the pleasant valley of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

It was near Chadd's Ford, and at a beautifully romantic spot. There is a turbulent stream running between high banks, on which stunted willows grow, while further down, at the water's edge, the weeping variety of the same tree dips its greenish tresses in the musical water, which has hushed its riotous noise to almost a requiem since the death of George Ricketts and Mollie Dolbell—"as fine a young man and as pretty a girl," the farmers say, "as you will find in all Chester county." This is how they met their death: Mollie was one of those pink and white dairy maids that you sometimes meet in the grazing regions of Pennsylvania. Her hair was bonnie brown, but with just a glint of black in it, as if it had been gently touched by a raven's wing. She was light-hearted and as merry as the lark with which she arose—the lark that carolled above her head as she looped her neat dress, and skimmed into the stone dairy where the painted pans were ranged in rows, and the yellow pots of butter flecked the cool water.

The trouble with Mollie was that she had two lovers—one, George Ricketts, a stalwart farm hand, and the other Hugh O'Donnell, a sullen, red-whiskered man, employed on the small drawbridge over the Fox Run that we have spoken of. This draw was seldom used save for a lazy schooner that came up to get terracotta pipe from a manufactory above.

The two men knew that they were rivals and Mollie knew it too, being sorely troubled in her white soul as she stood one Saturday evening in the porch of the house where she lived and promised to take a ride on the morrow with George—not a ride in a buggy, nor in a sailboat, but a rattling ride on a handcar, a practice which is frequent on these lonely lanes, whose rails vibrate but seldom under the crushing advance of the engine.

It is unnecessary to describe the hand car, that fits the rails, is worked by a crank, and when started goes like the wind. The car had been loaned George by a band of laborers who were making repairs about a mile above. He had dusted it neatly, and when the pretty girl reached him by a short path through the woods, he had arranged the vehicle so cleverly with a cushion for Mollie that it did not seem unlike Cleopatra's barge. She was in her Sunday bets, and she laughed lightly in the sunshine as George swung her lightly into the seat and then leaped to the handles.

There were no Sunday trains; there was no danger.

Mollie crossed her tiny feet, felt the exhilaration of the movement, as George's swelling arms produced the terrible momentum, and saw her neat skirts blown about by the rushing wind beneath the platform. On, on they went, the glistening rails ringing, the bonny brown hair blown about and the Fox-run bridge near at hand.

On that bridge Hugh O'Donnell sat smoking his pipe. The draw was open, although no drifting schooner was in sight. Some evil bird had whispered to Hugh the Sunday trip of his rival with Mollie. He determined on murder at once. This is the reason the rusty draw was open, while Hugh sat in his sentry box on the other side smoking his pipe and watching up the converging lines of metal that seemed like satin ribbons tied in a bow by the perspective.

He did not have to wait long. First came the rumble—the far-away sound that dies away while it increases—and then, swinging suddenly around a curve, the handcar, bearing the girl he loved and the man he hated. He drew another whiff of smoke and looked calmly at the tumbril of death, with its arms whirling wildly, since George had trusted to the steep grade and the appalling acceleration he had given the machine to accomplish the passage of the bridge, and had sat down alongside of Mollie with his arm around her waist.

Just as they neared the draw, which was never legally allowed open on Sunday, he turned his head and his face became white. Mollie felt the chill circle her waist as his blood froze in his arms. He sprang to his feet and tried to seize those revolving handles, which were only a blur and a mist. He thought of throwing the girl off, but before he could think of anything else the car took the leap, and as Hugh O'Donnell sat smoking in his sentry box he saw the upturned faces, pallid with agony, but pressed close together, go down with the hand car to the deep pools and cruel rocks of the Fox run, and as he did so he said:

"Curse you!" and lighted another pipe.

They found him there, but mad—not raving mad, but in that lymphatic state of mania which is beyond reach. On the shore below, held by the gnarled roots of a willow, were discovered the bodies of George and Mollie. In the moment of death she had thrown her arms about him, and as the sunlight filtered through the surging branches and fell upon the upturned faces, they seemed like bride and groom in the sleep of happiness. So they were married, but death had been the minister. — *Cincinnati Inquirer.*

The Armies of the World.

Three years ago Major-General Emory Upton, with credentials from the United States Government, started on a tour to examine and report upon the condition of the armies of Japan, China, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France and England. He was gone nearly two years; and the work embodying the results of his observations has just been issued. The armies of the countries he visited are thus represented:

	Peace footing.	*War footing.*
Japan	31,440	46,050
China	600,000	1,000,000
India	190,000	500,000
Persia	60,000	120,000
Italy	230,000	869,316
Russia	520,000	1,640,000
Austria	300,000	1,040,000
Germany	421,000	1,340,000
France	490,000	1,730,00
England	138,624	541,624
Totals	2,981,064	9,226,990

Excluding from consideration the first four countries, we find that the peace footing of the nations more or less interested in the Eastern question is an aggregate of 2,096,600 men, while the war footing is nearly 7,600,000men.

A Young Giant.

The "fat man" whom I mentioned in my last letter, writes a correspondent in England, is now exhibiting himself at the Egyptian Hall, in London, and making a good thing of it. Fancy, if you can, a young man only twenty-two years old, weighing 728 pounds, and measuring eight feet round the shoulders. He seems in perfect health and is very chatty, a peculiarity shared by his wife, who accompanies him and who seems proud of having the biggest husband of any woman in England, perhaps in the world.

A Deaf Mute Prodigy.

The *New Dominion Monthly* says: We will conclude this article by mentioning one instance of the extraordinary intellectual calibre of a congenial deaf-mute—a prodigy—which has never been in print before. Some years ago a benevolent gentleman found a red-headed, ragged, little, deaf-mute in the streets of Glasgow, and took him to the school for deaf-mutes in that city. He showed extraordinary intelligence, and the gentleman thought he was a rough diamond, but capable of being highly polished by education and training. During the first session at school the boy shot ahead of every other pupil, and there were then more than a hundred, many of them having been there seven or eight years. The rapidity with which he learned was amazing; indeed; his memory was so retentive that what he once read he never forgot.

Such was the calibre of his mind that nothing was too difficult for his comprehension. He read books on mathematics, methaphysics and the like whether they were printed in English, foreign or dead languages, which he also read with ease. When school was over he would rush to the library, take out a lot of books under his arms, and make his way to the nearest fire to read them, while his schoolmates directed their steps to the play-ground. Such was the force of habit that he would sit near the fire even during summer while he studied. No wonder, with a mind so well stored with knowledge, he was a capital story-teller, and he never used signs since the day he could spell on his fingers. He was appointed an assistant teacher at the school, but he found the task too irksome, and he left the institution to become a common laborer in order to make money more rapidly to purchase books, and neglected his bodily wants.

His books increased in number very fast, and "they formed his table, chair and bed, by being piled one upon another in his lodgings. They were his only articles of furniture. The extraordinary learning of this deaf and dumb laborer attracted the attention of many gentlemen and his employers, who thought that he was not in his proper sphere. They determined to give him a better position, so that his fund of knowledge might be put to some use. They visited his lodgings for this purpose one day when he was not at his work, and found him dead on his bed of books, having literally starved his body to death to feed his hungry mind. He had everything ready for writing a book, which he said would astonish the world. There were several reams of paper and a large bottle of ink, showing that he fully intended to enter upon the work, but there was no indication of what work it would be. His stock of books were printed in several languages of the highest kind of literature. He was sixteen or eighteen years old when he died. He had a florid countenance, red hair, greenish eyes, inclining to blue, which gave him a peculiar expression.

A Mighty Hunter.

Capt. Gilmore relates, in his late record of travel in South Africa, a remarkable story of the prowess of a hunter, who, less known than Gordon Cumming, rivaled him in courage and skill. Mr. Finnety, the hero of the tale, was one day traveling over the uncultivated plains near Bamanwath, riding one horse and leading another. He had watered his animals at a pool, or sley as it is there called, and, passing on a little way beyond, "Two lions sprang from the bush on either side of the road, each seizing a horse. The mount that he was on fell in a moment and shot him over its head, but the hunter was on his feet in a trivet. With the right barrel he killed the assailant of the horse he was riding, with the left the brute that attacked the led horse. So quickly was the whole done that neither of the nags was injured."

Another exploit, told of the same hunter, is less brilliant, yet attests his singular coolness and accuracy of aim. As night closed in, he shot a large white rhinoceros, and left the game to be attended to in the morning:

"At break of day he started alone to find his quarry, and, after going a mile or so, found it dead, with three lions around it. Mr. Finnety strolled up within a short distance of them and killed the trio—each requiring only a single bullet. Soon afterward, having discovered an elephant-spoor, he followed it up, and after noon overtook the herd and bowled over a couple of tuskers. Retracing his steps to regain his wagon, he had to pass by the dead rhinoceros, and, when doing so, found two more lions beside the carcass. These he also killed. In the morning, Mr. Finnety went out with his people to secure the ivory of the elephants slain the day before. On their route they passed a pool in a dry river-bed, and by it were two lions. He left his people, and, unsupported, walked up to them and killed them right and left. Thus seven lions fell before his gun in little over twenty-four hours."

A Lady's Fight With Burglars.

In the absence of Mr. A. A. Hopkins, of the *American Rural Home*, says a dispatch from Rochester, N. Y., an attempt was made to burglarize his house about one o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Hopkins heard the burglars, took a pistol from under her pillow, searched the house, discovered one burglar pacing in the front hall, tried to enter the sitting-room to alarm a gentleman who was sleeping above, but was apprehended by a burglar, who fired at her. In the meantime one of the burglars escaped by the back door, and the other sought his exit. Mrs. Hopkins followed him as closely as the intense darkness permitted. He seized her several times by the hair, but she broke away, and when near the side door raised her pistol and fired at the thief. He retreated to the back door, but the plucky little woman followed, and just as he was about to fire again she emptied another barrel into his right arm. The burglar dropped his pistol, exclaimed, "She's hit me in the arm," and disappeared. Nothing of value was secured. The burglars made an ineffectual attempt to chloroform Mrs. Hopkins and her little daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have practiced pistol-shooting considerably, hence her brave defense against the two burly burglars. Mrs. Hopkins narrowly escaped the two shots fired at her.

A Noble Animal.

Of the late Lord Ravensworth—the gentleman who defended George IV. against Thackeray—Mr. Edmund Yates tells this amusing story. He was a man of no little personal vanity. One cold day in winter, some years back, having wrapped himself in a fur coat, he went to call on some neighbors

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., May 16. 1878.

Bradford county repubs go for Grow—no Camerom in theirs. Grow is growing.

Jas. P. Coburn and J. G. Love are the republican representative delegates from this county; instructed for Beaver for governor.

Wm. Holt and Moses Thompson were the representative delegates from this county to the National convention in Philadelphia last week.

Our state legislature has made up its mind to adjourn May 24.

Havana news says the sugar crop will fall short 30 to 35 per cent. or from 100,000 to 140,000 tons. How will that effect our preserves?

The legislature has sat at Harrisburg so long doing nothing that it has got all mouldy.

The Supreme court the other day rendered a sensible decision on the question of the interpretation of the Eight Hour law now on the statute books, deciding that only eight hours' pay can be exacted under it for eight hours' work. The case was that of the employees at the Granite Works in Richmond, Va. This decision will prevent the passage by Congress of the contemplated joint resolution declaring that the present law should be construed to mean that ten hours' pay should be given for eight hours' work. Representatives of the laboring men in the navy yards have been for some months advocating the passage of such a resolution. The only relief that can be obtained by these workmen now is to secure the passage of an entirely new law, which is hardly possible at the present session.

On Sunday 80,000 persons visited the Paris exposition. At our Centennial the show was not open on Sunday, but in France there is not the same veneration for the Lord's day. With the gay Parisians Sunday is day of pleasure, and we have no doubt that throughout the French exposition the Sabbath will prove one of the best paying days.

The convention of the Nationals in Philadelphia, last week, was a stormy one, and there came pretty near being a row. Bill Armstrong it is said will take the stump against the ticket. There is still further trouble in the National camp.

Chairman Hughes received a dispatch from Mr. Shearer, declining the nomination of the national party for lieutenant governor. The filling of the vacancy will now devolve upon the state committee. It is believed that Hon. B. S. Bently will also decline.

The Edenburg bank, in the oil country, has closed its doors. Liabilities only $104,000, with assetts next to nothing Deposits from 50 to 60 thousand dollars. Of course there is considerable excitement there over this little affair, and of course the president has left town perhaps for Florida for his health.

The Union National bank of Lewisburg has suspended. It is thought the depositors will be paid in full. That's the usual song right after a bank suspends. We would be right glad to find the depositors come out so well as that.

Relative to the investigation of the Florida frauds, the following was telegraphed from Washington on 9: The Democratic Congressional Executive Committee unanimously agree in common with other members of the party that there should be an investigation of the alleged Florida and Louisiana frauds, for the sole purpose of acquainting the people with the frauds and not with a view of the invalidation of the title by which Hayes holds office.

The Committee on Judiciary will, as soon as the resolution directing them to make inquiry shall pass the House, proceed at once to business. It is not thought that much time will be occupied in the investigation as the Commitee already have testimony taken during the late Congress on the same subject.

There is about as much unnecessary newspaper fuss over Don Cameron's wedding, last week, to a niece of Gen. Sherman, as there was a week before over the death of John Morrisey. Now a great many better men than John Morrisey die every day, and a great many worthier men than Don Cameron get married every week, and you never hear of such death or marriage outside of the immediate locality in which the event occurs.

What is there about Don Cameron that his wedding must take up pages in the daily press? He is the son of the greatest public plunderer and most corrupt politician that the United States ever produced. Simon Cameron started his dishonest career as one of the Pennsylvania canal ring; cheated the Winnebago indians, was kicked out of the democratic party for his corrupt practices, bought his way into the republican party and twice into the United States Senate; swindled the United States out of millions during the war to help his railroad, and for which a republican congress passed a strong resolution of censure upon the Winnebago, and which led to his being kicked out of Lincoln's cabinet—and a hundred other great sins could we score up against Simon Cameron.

Don Cameron, son of Simon, is a cold banker and iron hearted railroad manager, who has given his life to nothing but exacting from the producers and consumers of the country, from whom he has shaved his millions. He is not noted for any good qualities of heart or soul and is now trying to control the republican party by the same means that his sire held it in bondage. Don was Secretary of war at the close of Grant's administration, and it was he who sent soldiers to Louisiana to steal that state for Hayes, and prevent an honest count and thus set aside the will of the nation and brought about the seating of a fraudulent president—now admitted by republicans as well as democrats. If justice had been given Don Cameron for his great crime and usurpation, he would not be living to-day to change the name of Miss Sherman to Mrs. Cameron.

The Cameron family has been a stain upon parties and upon the country—they have done more to introduce corruption in the government than any ten public men living.

The late pulpit blast about there being no helt has cooled off, and we suppose the old lake is hot as ever.

There are 360 inmates in the western penRentiary.]

The new county of Lackawanna will contain 85,000 inhabitants.

THE FUNERAL STEAL.

A member of our state legislature died a short time ago, and now we see that that body is about to appropriate some $2000 to pay funeral expenses! What has the state to do with the funeral expenses of a legislator? Where is there warrant in the constitution for paying such expenses out of the public funds? and if it were in the constitution it would be wrong and should be blotted out at once.

A private citizen, following his own honest avocation, makes from 50 cents to $2 per day—some make nothing these times—if one dies, does the funeral expense come out of the public funds unless the dead is a pauper? A legislator gets $10 per day, he dies, perhaps from too good living or debauchery, and the public to pay his funeral expenses, and at right princely figures at that. Is that right? What better right has a legislator or a congressman with a big salary to be buried at public expense than has the humblest reader of the Reporter?

It is a piece of robbery that the taxpayer must not allow to be covered up with the corpse. At this rate a dead legislator costs us far more than a living one, and the living one costs the people just $1000 beyond what his services are worth. So we go.

The Lycoming Insurance company believes in high salaries. The people about a year ago were startled by the exposure of the enormous salaries received by some of the now defunct eastern insurance companies, but we have one nearer home that goes in for princely salaries too—it is not the Farmers' Mutual of Pennsvalley which works for about board and mileage—but the Lycoming in which many of the readers of the Reporter are insured, and the assessments of which have been rather steep all along. In the Lycoming the Secretary gets $18,000 and the adjusters $5000 salary each. These facts we find in the Huntingdon *Globe's* Report of Court Proceedings, viz:

The next case was Richard Langdon vs. The Lycoming Fire Insurance Company. Mr. Langdon held a policy for $2,100 on the goods in his store at Dunbar, Centre county, in the Lycoming Insurance Company. His store, with its contents, was burned on the night of January 12, 1876, and this suit was brought to recover for his loss. The defence was that he had failed to give the company the notices required in his policy; that he having not complied with the terms of the contract, could not now recover, and that in addition, the Insurance was fraudulently obtained, and was for a much larger amount than it should have been; that the store had been destroyed to get the Insurance, with the usual charges that are made in these cases. The plaintiff, unfortunately, had lost his son who was in the store at the time of the fire and was thus put at a great disadvantage. It came out during the trial that Mr. Crouse, one of the adjusters of the Company, was paid a salary of $5,000; that they have several adjusters, and that the Secretary's salary was more. So big he was ashamed to make it known. It seems it is $18,000, and this is where the money goes. If the people who insure in these companies would only see to these things, it would surely make the costs of insurance a great deal lower. On the second day of the trial, Samuel Wigton, a juror, was excused by consent of the parties on account of sickness, and it was quite laughable to have one of the counsel for the plaintiff rise on the last day of the trial and stop the examination of a witness, because there were only eleven jurors in the box. The part acted in this transaction from beginning to end, by a certain attorney from Tyrone, was anything but creditable, and the severe drubbing he received at the hands of the plaintiff's counsel was well deserved. The case was given to the jury after 11 p. m., Saturday night, who retired and returned in about twenty minutes with a verdict of $2,362.50 for the plaintiff, that being the full amount he claimed. A righteous verdict.

Six men were publicly whipped in the jail yard at Newcastle, Del., on Saturday. That is the way criminals are served in Delaware, and we think it has a greater terror for evil-doers than imprisonment. A man will ten times sooner go to jail than to the whipping post, and is more likely to walk strait on account of the latter.

A despatch dated Lewisburg 10, says the suspension of the Union national bank of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is believed to be only temporary, and results from the mismanagement of the cashier. Depositors will be fully paid, as the assets are largely in excess of the liabilities. Examiner Young is now in charge of the bank, and a statement will be made in a few days.

A friend tells us that a short time ago in the store at Potters Mills, the conversation turned upon the circulation of the county papers. One gentleman, a republican, contended that the Bellefonte Republican had the largest circulation. Another, and no doubt a democrat, claimed for the Watchman a larger circulation than the Republican, while still another claimed that the Reporter had the greatest number of readers. One of the gentlemen afterwards referred the matter to us, and as it seems to interest the people, we give our estimate fairly and candidly as far as we have means to ascertain, and to that extent can be taken as reliable. As to the circulation of the Reporter, we never were guilty of misrepresenting our circulation, a sin that many newspaper men, we are sorry to say, are guilty of—it is a fraud upon men who pay for advertisements upon a circulation which is fictitious.

The circulation of the Reporter is now close on to 1200. In Pennsvalley we have as many subscribers as any two papers in the county; and on the other side of the county we admit that the circulation of this paper is not as large as that of any one of the Bellefonte papers although we send a goodly number of papers to the other side. Taken on the whole, we candidly believe that the Reporter has as large a *bona fide* list as any of the Bellefonte papers, or comes very close up to them. We hold postmasters receipts for 68 cents, or 34 pounds, mailed, per week.

The amount paid per week, at Bellefonte, for the Watchman and the Republican is $1.75, representing 87 pounds or 43 pounds if divided equally between the two.

The Journal at Millheim pays postage on 7 to 8 pounds, or 14 to 16 cents per week, which would indicate a circulation of about 325.

The Philipsburg Journal has a circulation of 350 to 400.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE OLDEST SLAVES IN PA.—Mrs. Hannah Kelly (colored) in her 88th year, died in Williamsport on the 4th inst. She was one of the last persons held in slavery by the laws of the state of Pennsylvania. She was given her freedom at the age of nineteen, by Governor Findlay, and went from Mercersburg to Lancaster, as the servant in the governor's family, when the governor was state treasurer, and the state government was located at that place. This was in the year 1807. A short time before Governor Findlay died, he directed his daughter, who was afterwards the wife of Governor Shunk, always give good attention to his faithful servant Hannah, and scarcely a year passed, during the life of Mrs. Shunk, that Mrs. Kelly did not receive some substantial token of her friendship and when Mrs. Shunk died, a few months ago, her will directed that $100 should be paid to Hannah, and $200 to her daughter, Capt. Kelly's mother.

NATIONALS' CONVENTION.

BENTLEY NOMINATED FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT AND MASON FOR GOVERNOR.

Philadelphia, May 8.—The national state convention was called to order at Concert hall, this morning at 10:30, by State Chairman Dewees. All the counties in the state with the exception of about five, had full delegations present. Both of the Philadelphia delegations are present in full. Both of them marched in a body, wearing badges. It is estimated that the number of delegates present is about 250. Chairman Dewees, in his address to the convention, reviewed the condition of the party, stating that from 5,000 votes in 1876, it had increased to nearly 55,000 votes in 1877, and that with thorough organization there was no reason that entire success should not be achieved by the party in the next campaign.

Balloting for temporary chairman then began, and David Kirk received the majority and took his seat. Mr. Kirk is the recognized Armstrong candidate Mayor Powderly, the recognized Wright candidate, received only 84 votes.

All efforts at adjournment were defeated and a ballot on the supreme judgeship was proceeded with, resulting in Bentley receiving 114 votes and Agnew 94 votes.

The report of the committee naming Frank W. Hughes for permanent president was adopted.

The convention listened to addresses while the committee on credentials was out making their report. John Siney, of Schuylkill, was the first speaker. He criticised the financial policies of former secretaries of the United States treasury; denounced their contraction policies as the cause of most of the depression that has fallen upon the country and then commented upon the legislature of this state, the members of whom he said were well known to be subject to the dictation of the presidents of a couple of great railroad corporations. He said 75 per cent. of the delegates in the convention were workingmen, and he regretted that there was not a larger representation of the business men and employers. He concluded by calling upon the members of the party to stick to their colors and not give aid and support to the standard bearers of the old party.

The next speaker was Miss Farrar, who argued that the national party should recognize the right of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Burns followed in the same vein.

The following gentlemen were then placed in nomination:

For Governor—S. K. Mason, of Mercer; Thos. M. Marshall, of Allegheny; Hendrick B. Wright, of Luzerne, and Chas. N. Corson, of Montgomery.

For Judge of the Supreme Court—Judge Agnew, of Beaver; Judge Clayton of Delaware; Thomas J. Bentley; Judge Mayer, of Clinton.

For Lieutenant Governor—R. B. M'Comb, of Lawrence; Christopher Shearer of Perse, Wm. Holt, of Centre.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs—James L. Wright, of Philadelphia; Prof. A. M. Burt, of Allegheny; Hon. E. Stevens, of Philadelphia; Joseph A M'Gee, of Philadelphia.

A resolution was offered proposing that the convention recognize no candidate that has any affiliation with the old parties. This was amended so as not to apply to the judiciary. The amendment was lost and the original motion was carried. Immediately there was a wholesale denunciation of candidates. Hon. Hendrick B. Wright was accused of being a democrat dyed in the wool. Mr. Armstrong was accused of being a republican who was insincere in the greenback cause. There was crimination and recrimination and the wildest confusion ensued—forty members being on their feet at once yelling for the ballot to proceed on the governorship—others moving to adjourn and still others gesticulating and brawling at the top of their voices. Finally the vote was taken and it was decided to proceed to ballot on the governorship.

A motion to nominate S. B. Mason by acclamation was lost.

The name of Thomas R. Marshall was withdrawn and the ballot proceeded.

Two ballots were taken on the governorship, the first resulting as follows: Armstrong, 37; Wright, 64, Mason, 93; Piollot, 4.

The second ballot was as follows: Armstrong, 24; Wright, 57; Mason, 115; Piollet, 2. Mason was thereupon declared the nominee, and the nomination was made unanimous.

There was but one ballot taken on the lieutenant governorship and it resulted as follows: Shearer 129, Fincher 3 and Jackson 37. All the other candidates for the position were withdrawn.

A motion was made to nominate James L. Wright, of Philadelphia, for secretary of internal affairs.

The ballot for secretary of internal affairs resulted as follows: Wright, 93; Burtt, 75; Caldwell, 3. The name of M'Gee had been withdrawn.

The convention then took up the platform, which generally renunciates the principles adopted in the national convention at Toledo in February last. They declare that the government should furnish aid to families desirous of settling upon the public lands. They favor rigid economy in the administration of public affairs; demand the eight-hour system of labor; abolition of the prison contract system of labor; a graduated system of income tax, by which the wealth of the nation rather than the industry of the people should pay the expenses of the government; wholesome and permanent tariff laws for the protection of American industry; education should be free, secular and industrial, and no property except what belongs to the government should be exempt from taxation.

[Messrs. Bentley, Mason and Shearer have affiliated with the republicans and Wright with the democrats.]

THE OBJECTS OF THE HOWGATE POLAR EXPEDITION.

Favorable reports relative to Captain Howgate's plan for exploring the Arctic regions have been made in both Houses of Congress, and a bill providing for a suitable appropriation will shortly be considered. Captain Howgate has pointed out the cardinal objects of his plan with much clearness, and in a way which must go far to satisfy those who can see no national benefit to accrue from Polar expeditions, the ostensible end of which is the empty glory of showing the flag at the pole, annexing new territories of ice fields, and bringing polar bears and Esquimaux under the blessings of a Republican government. The fact is, however, that the benefits to be gained by Captain Howgate's scheme are really a great importance; and perhaps most especially so in the additions to our knowledge of the laws of meteorology which will be secured. In reducing meteorology to an exact science, an experienced German student and explorer has shown the necessity of a comprehension of the conditions existing in the Polar zones. The general movements of the atmosphere arise from the exchange of cold and warm, of dry and humid air, between the poles and the equator. How enormous must be the influence of the huge masses of polar ice upon the distribution of the earth's heat is obvious. Greenland and Iceland afford proofs how the movements of ice, driven by winds and oceanic currents, may affect the climate of a country, but our knowledge of these movements is very defective. Now it is possible that the ice of the Polar zones may be the regular cause of our own climatic conditions the origin of many of the furious storms which sweep destructively along our coasts and over our own land. It is probably not saying too much, adds the same authority, when we assert that the Polar regions are the most important portions of our globe for the study of the natural sciences.

The extreme conditions under which the forces of nature act in the vicinity of the poles produce phenomena which offer us the best means of investigating the nature of the forces themselves. As in meteorology, so, also, in terrestial magnetism and electricity, these have to do with forces of the most tremendous magnitude, often exhibited in destructive energy, but never yet subdued to the service of man. So, too, if it is desired to investigate the ocean currents and the laws of the tides upon which depend the safety and success of ocean commerces are found centering in the North which must be traced to their source. Probably there is not one of the laws which govern the elements in their movements, a better knowledge of which will not result in material benefit to the race in cheapening the means of supporting life, in increasing the sources of human happiness, or in averting the perils to which we are now subject.

Captain Howgate's plan is simply that the explorers shall go as far north as they can and settle there, building themselves a suitable habitation. As soon as fixed good weather or other conditions indicate the possibility of an advance, they are again to push forward and again settle when stopped, and thus it is believed, by slow, gradual progression, the adventurers, who meanwhile will become acclimated to the cold and other abnormal phenomena, will be enabled in time to reach the pole.—*Scientific American.*

TO BE REMEMBERED.

From the Washington Post.

It was not in ink that the following certificate of character was written, but with a blue pencil. It should be read often:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 18, 1877.

Dear Sir: I am reliably assured that L. G. Dennis of Florida would make a capital special agent of the Treasury. I respectfully desire that his claims should have your favorable attention. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES

HON. JOHN SHERMAN and others

In spite of the opposition of the republican senate the democratic house has made a reduction of upwards of $20,000,000 in public expenditures. The official reports show that the ordinary expenditures for the fiscal year 1875-76 under a republican congress were $136,600,417, while the expenditures under the appropriations of a democratic house for the fiscal year 1876-77 were $116,246,211, showing a difference in favor of the democrats of $20,354,206.

The President is thinning the population of the penitentiaries pretty rapidly. Two hundred and forty-five pardons during the first year of his administration is an extensive exercise of the Executive clemency.

THE FLORIDA RESOLUTION.

The Congressional Committee Decides Upon Action as Soon as Practicable.

Washington, May 8.—There has been a good deal of inquiry to-day for the Florida resolution. There is just enough mystery about it all to stimulate curiosity, though there are but few who believe the denouement will be at all commensurate with the portentious preparations for its initiation. A morning paper of this city published to-day the following as the actual text of the resolution and preamble:

Whereas, The vote of Florida was carried by fraud, the seats of members in this House are affected thereby and the accompanying affidavits support the statements of McLin; thereby

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be instructed to inquire into the facts alleged in the affidavits of McLin and others, that the committee be authorized to send for persons and papers to inquire into the same, and that the committee report at any time.

The gentlemen who have charge of the resolution deny that it has been given out for publication, but the document in question was freely passed around among Congressmen both yesterday and to-day. The custodians of the resolution are Messrs. Springer, Finley, of Ohio, and General Williams, of Michigan. In answer to the question whether the resolution published this morning was genuine, Mr. Finley said: "I do not say it is not a correct representation." The gentlemen in charge of the Presidential torpedo have been in brisk demand to-day, but they have met all inquiries with evasive answers. Mr. Springer said that the resolution would be offered as soon as a plan could be decided upon for bringing it before the House. General Williams, who is generally believed to be in personal possession of the document, said to-day that it was in the possession of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Blackburn said the resolution was either in the hands of General Williams or Mr. Springer, that the former of these gentlemen had been chosen by common consent as the person most fit to offer the resolution, and that the matter would come up in all probability in the morning. The resolution, he said, would about cover one page of legal cap paper, and embraced two propositions. The first involved the contested election case of Bisbee vs. Finley for the Second Florida District. This was to serve as the basis for a question of privilege and the entering wedge for the second proposition, which involves the electoral vote of Florida and consequently the Presidential title. Mr. Blackburn says the resolution in its present shape will be objectionable to a number of Southern Democrats who are unwilling to broach the question of the Presidential title under cover of a minor proposition. "It would be," said he, "about as dignified and honorable a thing as to take out a search warrant for a pig, and then drive in a drove of cattle." He thinks the question of the title of Mr. Hayes should be tested fairly and on the broadest possible grounds. Let the examination be thorough and fearless, but let it end with an investigation. It is worse than folly to think of unseating Mr. Hayes so long as there exists a Supreme Court which is his servile tool. An adverse decision by that tribunal would not only be inevitable but fatal to the hopes of the Democratic party.

There was a joint meeting this afternoon of the Congressional Democratic Committee, at which the question of an investigation was thoroughly discussed. It was then decided that the resolution should be presented at the earliest practicable moment to the House, requiring the Judiciary Committee to send for persons and papers on the Florida count. It was also agreed that the inquiry should be a judicial one, so far as the rules of evidence applied, and should not partake of the ways and means not infrequent in the investigating committees of both parties. Those who are favoring an inquiry into the fraud do not seek to make a great sensation out of it but want the truth ascertained in the proper way. There are, of course, a great many stories as to what will be submitted as evidence and one of them is that Dennis informed Hayes of the frauds which had been committed by the Republicans in Alachua and that the President responded by giving him the letter commending him to Secretary Sherman which has been recently published.

EMPEROR WILLIAM SHOT AT.

Berlin, May 11—11 p. m.—Two shots were fired into the Emperor William's carriage from the sidewalk without effect. The assassin ran into the Middle avenue, followed by a crowd. On an attempt being made to capture him he fired three more shots and threw his revolver away. He was then secured.

The emperor's carriage was stopped and the footman sprang from the box and assisted at the capture. A few minutes afterwards another individual was seized in the Middle avenue, in consequence of an alleged attempt to rescue the assassin.

The assassin is a tinsmith named Emil Heinrich Max Hoedel, said to be from Leipsic. He was taken to the nearest police station, where a preliminary investigation was instituted. The accomplice arrested is named Krueger, a laborer, belonging to Berlin.

There were unceasing demonstrations before the palace throughout the evening. Dense masses are streaming in from the remotest suburbs to manifest their loyalty and sympathy, singing the national anthem.

The emperor went to the opera and Royal theatre to-night and received great ovations.

Berlin, May 12.—At the official examination Hoedel, the prisoner, stated he was a native of Leipsic and born in 1857. He denied that he fired at the emperor. He affirmed that he was without food and intended to shoot himself publicly to show the rich the present condition of the people. He stated that he shot once at himself and could not account for the other three shots which were wanting in the chambers of his revolver.

POPULAR EXEGESIS.

Psalm lxviii, 13. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

In a previous number we spoke of the great obscurity of this passage and suggested some explanation. Even Albert Barnes, after citing many opinions, said: "I confess none are satisfactory—*I cannot understand it.*"

Since that was printed what seems to be an explanation comes from a new quarter. Miss Whateley, in a spirit of Christlike benevolence went to Cairo, Egypt, for the purpose of establishing a ragged school for the poor neglected girls of that city. Hard was her toil, but great her success. Her name is now a household word in the East. This gifted lady published some years ago an account of her educational labors, in a little volume entitled "Ragged Life in Egypt," in which interesting work are many illustrations of Scripture texts, which to those ignorant of Eastern life seem fanciful, but are really as truthful as they are beautifully suggestive of spiritual lessons.

After years of quiet waiting to get some light on the Psalmist's words—words at once so exquisite in beauty but so difficult of interpretation—we found in Miss Whateley's volume the long-desired explanation; and to us, as we trust to many who will honor us by reading this article, this "thing of beauty" will henceforth be a "joy for ever." See the flood of light she throws upon this hitherto inexplicable passage! Speaking of the flat roofs of the houses in the East, she says: "They are usually in a state of great litter. Were it not that an occasional clearance is made, they would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing seemed never cleared away, however, and that is the heap of old, broken pitchers, sherds and *pots* that are piled up in some corner. . . . A little before sunset, numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish where they had been sleeping in the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upward and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining, 'yellow gold'; then, as they wheel around, and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light-colored. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of light in these regions can scarcely be described to those who have not seen it. Evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance. 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.'"

Having thus happily illustrated the text, Miss Whately gives the spiritual application. "It was beautiful," she says, "to see these birds rising, clean and unsoiled as doves always do, from the dust and dirt in which they had been hidden, and soaring aloft in the sky till nearly out of sight among the bright sunset clouds. Thus a believer, who leaves behind him the corruptions of the world, and is rendered bright by the Sun of Righteousness shining upon his soul, rises higher and higher, and nearer and nearer to his God, until, lost to the view of those who stay behind, he has passed into the unknown brightness above."—Rev. Dr. Deems, in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for June.*

POLITICAL LEPROSY.

EDITOR REPORTER.—Ancient history tells us of a loathsome disease called leprosy, which seemed to prevail to a fearful extent among the ancient people in the eastern countries. This disease was very contagious, so much so, that the people built hospitals in order to confine all subjects of that fearful disease. No one who was not afflicted with it was allowed to approach near the building, while the afflicted were shut in the building. They could not convey food to them, save at such times that the food was brought so that the afflicted could get it after those that brought it had time to get quite a distance away from the building: so fearfully contagious was this horrible disease.

Now, Mr. Editor, is not this alarming disease found to prevail in our state capitol, these latter days?

When we think we are electing men of integrity and honor, to fill high places of trust, they become smitten with this fell disease, leprosy. This, however, is mental leprosy—the whole mental man becomes deformed and corrupt beyond description, so that the very air that he breathes becomes infested. I would that I had the ability to paint just one subject of this rotten disease to hold up to the gaze of an insulted and oppressed people.

It is not only confined to our state capitol, but it runs through all political rings. Beware, fellow citizens, it is dangerous; stand from under.

I am glad to know that the people have a panacea, or shall I say a radical cure, for this deformity,—the ballot box, the wielding power of a republican government. Let us join hand in hand and apply the remedy, but first of all select men who are not smitten with this mental leprosy.

NEAR SPRUCE TOWN.

A TALE OF HORROR.

[The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

Mr. John Pore, who lives in the lower part of Lumpkin county, had two little children, aged respectively three and six. They were engaged in their customary play a few days ago, while the mother was at the well. The oldest child, for what reason it will never be known, picked up a sharp hatchet and struck the baby in the side, leaving the ax sticking in the wound. The child, seeing what he had done, ran and told his mother, who was drawing up water at the time. This so frightened her that she let go the windlass, and the revolving crank struck the boy on the head and literally knocked his brains out, killing him instantly. When the horror-stricken mother got to her baby it was also dead.

HALFPENNY & CO'S FACTORY BURNED.

The Lewisburg Journal, 8, say: Last night will long be remembered by our citizens. About 11 o'clock a storm came up, which was accompanied by much thunder and lightning. Soon after the alarm of fire was given. It was found M. Halfpenny & Co's large woolen mill, located at the river bridge, was on fire. The flames were first seen in the main building, on the third story, near the elevator. Rain was coming down in torrents, but the engine and hose were there in quick season. Streams were thrown, but each time the engine started the hose would burst. Valuable time was thus wasted and the flames soon enveloped the whole building.

A two-story frame building owned by Halfpenny & Co., and partly used as a storehouse by them, and the remainder occupied as a residence by Mr. John Brooks, soon caught fire. It could have been easily saved if the hose had been in good order.

In the midst of the excitement, when appearances indicated that all that portion of the borough would be destroyed, another thunder shower come up, and never was a shower more welcome. At this moment the four houses of Mr. James Wall were on fire, and others could not long have withstood the heat. The rain, however, smothered the fire in all cases except the two buildings of Halfpenny & Co.

The woolen factory was insured as follows: On building and machinery, $20,600, on stock $6,000.

The frame building was insured: On storehouse and dwelling $800, stock fully insured.

It has not yet been decided whether the factory will be rebuilt or not.

The fire is supposed to have been caused either by spontaneous combustion or by the lightning.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W & B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

Three hundred and nine oil wells were completed last month, an increase of 107 over March's contribution.

BARGAINS.

Bargains! Bargains!

In MEN'S and BOYS,

BOOTS and SHOES!

also a LARGE VARIETY of

CHILDREN'S SHOES, at

LOUIS DOLL'S Shoe Store,

opposite the Bush house, Bellefonte, room formerly occupied by John Powers. apr25y

Special Notices

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct, stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co, 20 Ann St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 26 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Delf & Co. 20 Ann St., N. Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 156 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 43 Cedar St., New York. 24 jan 6ms,

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

n Central Pennsylvania, and prices that will compel you in self defence to buy of hm. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oc

A full line of Howe Sewing Machines and Needles for all kinds of machines.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody, in every county in the United States and Canadas. Enlarged by the publisher to 648 pages. It contains over 2000 household recipes and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book and a household necessity. It sells at sight. Greatest inducements ever offered to book agents. Sample copies sent by mail, Postpaid, for $2.00 Exclusive territory given. Agents more than double their money. Address Dr. Chase's Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor Michigan. 9 may 18t

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots,	$1.75
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters,	1.00
Ladie's Lasting Slippers,	.50
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters,	1.00
Ladie's Coarse Shoes,	1.25
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade,	3.50
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes,	1.50

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins. Keeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the

BISHOP STREET BAKERY,

is now making the very best

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,

in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections,

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. nov15

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS

S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY

SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,

TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES

FANCY AND TOILET

ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19apr S. T. SHUGERT.

LOOK! LOOK!

BARGAINS

—IN—

NEW GOODS!!

—NOW, *EINS, ZWEI, DREI*, FOR A—
—RACE TO GET THE FIRST—
—BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS—
—AT—

WM. WOLF'S

IN THE

New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods

OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Remember the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

HO! FOR SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of

6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

HARPSTER & NOLAN,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables him to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec'77

C. C. CONSER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announe to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage 6dec'77

HENRY BROCKERHOFF. J. D. SHUGERT
President. Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits,

And Allow Interest,

Discount Notes,

Buy and Sell

Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.

ap1068tf

We are now selling

New Pianos FOR $125

Each, and all styles including Grand, Square and Upright, all new and strictly first-class, at the lowest net cash wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. No Agents; no commissions; no discounts. Pianos for $125, containing

ALTHOUSE

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. May 9, '78.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—We hear that in some parts of this valley, potato, tomato and other plants, were frozen by the freeze on Sunday night last.

—A choice lot of stoneware, wholesale to merchants, and retail to others, at very low figures, at Sechler's, Bellefonte. Al so, the chociest lot of queensware in the county.

—On last Friday, Elias Lose, of Millheim, had his nose smashed, by a piece of scantling falling against it.

—Jas. Musser, of Hartleton, who went through here a short time ago with a train of buggies, while one section of it was about crossing the railroad at Altoona, it was struck by a moving freight car and two buggies wrecked.

—We had a few days of quite winter-like weather. Friday 10, set in cold and showery, followed on Saturday by little snow squalls. Sunday also continued cold, and Monday morning there was heavy frost in some localities. In the Loop we are told the ground was frozen on Monday morning, and damage done to clover. In this locality the frost was not severe.

—Saturday's cold snap extended over the west and east. Frosts are reported but no damage to fruit crop. In Canada there was an inch of snow.

—All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles and fixings, to be had at Wm. Wolf's store. 3t.

— One day last week as A. O Deininger of Millheim was in his wood house cutting wood, the ax caught at a rope above his head, causing the ax to lodge in his skull. The cut was a severe one, and if the ax would have been sharp it might have caused his death. At present all is doing well again.

—Newman still keeps getting ready-made clothing, and sells it off as fast as he gets it. All buy there because he sells cheapest in the county. Money always saved on each suit bought, enough to buy your wife two dresses and a lot of little things for baby. Give Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall, a call if you want a whole suit, pants, vest, coat, shirt, boots, shoes, etc. Try him.

—The new Lutheran church, at Rebersburg, was dedicated last Sabbath. A great many people were present, and services were held in the Luth. and Ref. churches, both of which were crowded. The dedication sermon was an able one and delivered in the new edifice by Dr. Ziegler, of Selinsgrove, upon which occasion over $700 were raised. Services in the Ref. church were held by Revs. Shannon and M'Cool, and some $50 were raised. Altogether $900 were raised, which sum, we understand, discharges the church debt. We congratulate the Lutheran congregation of Rebersburg, upon this good fortune, and upon their handsome new church. The pastor loci, Rev. Aurand, has done himself credit in his successful work, assisted by a generous membership.

—Rev. Dr. Ziegler, of Selinsgrove, who paid our sanctum a visit one day last week, informed us that he has discovered an enemy to the grape-vine which it would be well for others to look after. The Dr. tells us he observed that the shoots of last year's growth on his vines were being cut off by some insect. He kept observing his vines for a long time to find out this enemy, when at length he discovered it was the little black snail, which is known to all, and an insect which scarce any one would have suspected capable of doing that kind of work. This discovery of the Doctor's may be of use to others who find their grape-vines subject to similar injuries.

— For the best groceries go to Sechler & Co.—you get any thing there you want in their line. They sell at prices to suit the times. Stoneware wholesale and retail, confectioneries, canned and dried fruit, and hundreds of other articles, all fresh and pure.

—All of them have used Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture. Whom? Those who heretofore suffered with Boils and Pimples, but who are now free from such annoyances.

—Families never do so well in supplying themselves with groceries, as when they purchase of Sechler & Co. This will be verified by all who deal there. A customer once a customer always—because you never have occasion to find fault with them, or with prices or goods. Their groceries are always fresh, because they are in constant receipt of goods, and have the fullest and most complete assortment in Centre county.

—Alton S. Shindle, Danville, Pa., and W. C. Kohler, Hanover, Pa., students in the Theological Seminary, of Gettysburg, were accidentally drowned last week.

—The Jubilee Singers, of Bellefonte, last week held concerts in the villages of this valley, including Centre Hall. The profits of their concerts are to be applied to the African Methodist church of Bellefonte We had the pleasure of hearing the troup in the M. E. church here, and must say were suprised as well as pleased with their performance. There was nothing objectionable about the pieces sang by them, on the other hand, they consisted of those melodies used at their camp meetings and in their other religious assemblies. Their audiences everywhere were delighted, and gave them invitations to return, which they contemplate some time during the summer. The troup have the thanks of the editor favoring us with some choice pieces at our residence, after the close of their entertainment last Thursday evening. We recommend their concerts as strictly proper for all to attend.

—Fishing tackle, fancy articles, drugs, medicines, &c., at Frank Greens—best assortment in county.

—You can now get the greatest bargains ever known in Italian marble tomb stones at Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. The prices include lettering, taken to the grave yard and erected.

—Frank Miller of Bellefonte was convicted at the late Court for carrying a concealed weapon (razor) and sentenced by Judge Orvis to one year in the penitentiary. This should be a warning to these who make a constant practice of violating the law in this respect,

—The Lewistown Democrat of 9, relates this horrible accident: Timothy Sweeny was killed on Wednesday morning at the Axe factory, by being crushed in the shafting at the lower shops, his shirt sleeve having caught and dragged him into the machinery. He was a highly esteemed workman, aged about fifty.

—Get you sugar, coffee, tea, syrup, canned and dried fruits at Sechler's, and you are sure of the best.

—Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot, cures all affections of the throat and lungs—such as colds, coughs, asthma, croup, whooping cough, and earlier stages of consumption. Ask for it at the drug-store—it is a standard remedy, which should always be on hand in the family.

—On last Monday, Samuel, youngest son of E. C. Campbell of Millheim, was out in the field rolling corn ground, and while going down a small hill the horses commenced to trot, and while endeavoring to stop them fell forwards off of the roller. The roller passed over him causing some serious injuries. No bones broken, however.

—A large lot of new ready made Clothing, cheapest and best in the valley, at Guggenheimer's, Centre Hall.

—Another new lot of lady's hats and bonnets again arrived at Guggenheimer's Centre Hall, at astonishing low prices—from 75cts up.

—Just eight victims of the late Centre county court were escorted to the Western Penitentiary by Deputy Sheriff Munson, of that county, on Friday last. The *Republican* gives their names, crime and sentences as follows: Charles Mills, (colored), burning stables in Bellefonte last January, three years; Benjamin May, robbing store at Sandy Ridge, this county, three years; Frank Banner, same crime, three years; Hugh Riddle, forging note on Esra Smith, one year and three months; Jacob Wolf, burning house in Gregg township, two years; Geo. W. Adams, stealing belting from a Mr. Gensel, of Gregg township, one year; B. F. Stover, stealing suit of clothes from Mrs. Joseph Alexander, of Union township, one year; Frank Miller, (colored,) carrying concealed weapons, one year.

—On Wednesday morning as Michael Duck drove into town in a top-buggy, his horse was frightened by a mule colt, and ran off The buggy was upset, and Mr. Duck dragged a short distance. His injuries fortunately were only a few slight scratches about the hands. Dr. Neff coming down Church street stopped the horse. The buggy was dragged all the way, yet only slightly damaged.

—The radical state convention met at Harrisburg, Wednesday 15, noon—as that is the time the REPORTER goes to press, of course none of its nominations have been made It seems certain, however, that Cameron has fixed things to nominate Hoyt, of Luzerne, for governor.

—The Supreme Court of the middle District of Pennsylvania at its session at Harrisburg last week, reversed the judgement in the case of Martin V. Turner, convicted of murder in the first degree by the Clearfield County Court. The Supreme Court decides "that Judge Orvis erred in submitting to the jury the question whether there was evidence to show that the prisoner had manufactured evidence to prove an alibi instead of insructing them to judge whether an alibi had been established." The opinion was written by justice Gordon. This is making a distinction apparently with very little difference, as it is self-evident that an alibi could not be established upon manufactured evidence; and, therefore, if in the case referred to, the jurors were agreed that the evidence proving an alibi was manufactured, it would fail to establish an alibi. The mere fact that evidence has been manufactured is sufficient to justify the conclusion, that said evidence is false and consequently to establish the object desired.

—Read adv. of sale of 5 tracts valuable real estate of J. H. Duck, dec'd. June 13.

—Brisbin & Mingle butcher this summer, and supply fresh meat twice a week.

The news from Europe is about the same as last week, only a shade more warlike.

—Big rush at Wolf's for new goods.

—Rain on Wednesday.

—The branch R. R. from the Forks to Millheim is not dead, but sleepeth.

—The building fever is still raging in Millheim. Mechanics are busy every day. Three or four additional new houses will soon go up.

—John Harpster has become partner with Mr. Nolan in the tailoring business.

MYSTERIOUS SUICIDE IN LEWISBURG.

Lewisburg, Pa., May 12.—This morning Owen Shurty, residing here, committed suicide by hanging himself in his stable. Deceased was about fifty years old and leaves a wife and three children. No cause can be assigned for the rash act, he being in tolerably good circumstances.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that C. S. M'Cormick, Esq. of Lock Haven, will be a candidate for President Judge, subject to democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to democratic rules.

ASSEMBLY.

W. A. Murray, of Boalsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

Wm. L. Musser, of Penn, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

SHERIFF.

George Hoffer, of Potter will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

John R. Bair, of Penn, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

John Spangler, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

COMMISSIONER.

J. H. Hahn, of Milesburg, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

A. J. Greist, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

John Hoy, jr., of Marion township, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

TREASURER.

S. A. M'Quistian, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. Ehrhard, of Potter, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

Samuel J. Herring of Gregg will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

J. C. Harper, now of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

B. F. Shafer, of Walker, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

R. G. Brett, of Ferguson will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary subject to democratic rules.

Mr. S. M. Swartz, of Potter,, desires to inform his friends and democrats that he will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary.

A FIRST CLASS BUSINESS CHANCE.—HARDWARE, TINWARE AND STOVE STORE FOR SALE.—Located at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., the terminus of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad. Is now a very good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin-shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about 6 miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell store room and contents at first cost. Our reason for selling is that one of us expects to be away a greater part of this summer in the water and steam governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring our whole attention. This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business. For particulars, inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte. THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat,	1 20
Red "	1 20.
Rye,	50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	.45c
Oats,	25c.
Buckwheat,	75c.
Clover seed,	$3.00 to $4.00
Chop, per ton,	$23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton,	$10.00
Flour, per bbl,	$6.25
Butter,	18c.
Tallow,	7c.
Hams	11c.
Shoulders	6c.
Sides	6c.
Rags,	2c.
Eggs per doz.,	10c.
Tub washed wool,	35c.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

A short time ago our village was enlivened "hugely" by way of a grand concert given by Belletonte Africans. To say the least, they sang very well and are not easily surpassed in this part of the "world."

And at last we have opposition in the line of dentistry as well as in almost everything else. T. P. Moyer arrived a few days ago from Lock Haven, and defies competition. We learn that he intends to hang out his shingle in a few weeks.

The other day Mrs. Mary Bierly and another lady of the neighborhood left home in a buggy to go marketing. Before they were gone a great ways their horse took a notion to return home, and commenced to back, when Mrs. Bierly alighted with the intention to lead him, but he got unruly, reared up and tore nearly all her clothes from her. The other lady jumped off the buggy and the horse went off on a moderate trot. Mrs. B. received some severe bruises as well as lost some 14 dozen of eggs. Women are poor teamsters at best.

While Joe Condo was cutting wood the other day, a log rolled upon him and placed him in a helpless condition for quite a while. He called for help, whereupon Mr. Reed hurried to his rescue and extricated him from his critical condition before he sustained any serious effects.

At last both our new churches are dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. On last Sabbath morning the rites of dedication were performed in behalf of the Lutheran building. They were lacking nearly $800, but in a very short time the deficiency was secured by subscription. There was preaching in both new churches at the same time and yet a person had hardly sitting room.

The largest stock that has been in the valley for a long time may be seen at Spigelmyers. They have a greater variety of goods than any store around here, and are selling it reasonable.

The grain throughout our valley looks very promising. If nothing will injure it yet we will have a very heavy harvest. Nearly all kinds of fruit looks well; but we fear these "May winters" will play the mischief. HEW MOR.

SPRING MILLS.

Cap's garden was badly frozen Sunday night—try again, corn is cheap. Mrs. Woods has recovered so far as to be able to walk out. Wm B. Bitner is building a house over by Gramoble's new store; his stone-work looks well; front and sides in range work, each layer 15 in.; the stone was gotten from Wm. J. Alexander's quarry, which is one of the best in Pennsvalley; give him a call if you want stone. D. Runkle is preparing to build a house by the pike near J. Hazel. Sunday school has started again. Cap. Hassenplug has a big stock of new goods. Sam'l, son of Thomas Hoover, got his thumb sawed off, at Allison's shingle mill on Wednesday S. Miss E. Blakely is teaching summer school. She has experience of 40 years, and is as bright as when she first began. X.

MADISONBURG.

Snow Sunday and Monday, with frost Monday morning that made some garden plants hang their heads. Farmers about done planting corn. Grain and grass look better this spring than for years, also good prospects for fruit. Our town is still improving. David Bartges will have his house ready for the plasterers shortly. Samuel Shafer will build an addition to his house; Howard Rishel will build a house at the upper end of Madisonburg. J. S. Hoy is also building a new house west of here. Mr. John Breon and Henry Hawk have bought Mr. John Hawk's farm. GREELY.

DEATH OF PROF. JOSEPH HENRY.

Washington, May 13.—Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian institute, died at the Institute at noon to-day.

A FATHER ATTEMPTS TO KILL HIS WIFE AND FAMILY AND THEN CUTS HIS THROAT.

Bangor, Me, May 11.—A brutal butchery, which almost resulted in a triple murder, occurred in this city to-day. For fiendishness and cruelty it has never been equalled in the annals of crime in this country. Jason R. Scribner, a man about thirty-six years of age, living some three miles north of the city proper, on the road leading to Sidney, during a fit of madness attacked his wife and children in the kitchen of his dwelling with a spade, almost instantly killing one, a little girl three years old, and mortally wounding two others, a baby girl about a year old, and a boy five years old. After he had struck the children, the mother who had previously been attacked by the crazed husband, caught up her baby and fled from the house, followed by Scribner who ran down through a field near by, where he cut his own throat with a razor, almost severing the windpipe. Officers were immediately called and he was taken to the jail.

HUNDREDS OF CHINAMEN KILLED—PROGRESS OF THE FAMINE

San Francisco, May 8.—The steamship Gaelic has arrived from Hong Kong. There was a great tornado at Canton on April 11. Thousands of houses were destroyed or seriously injured by wind and an enormous water spout from the river, which broke over the city. Many lives were lost. Foreign settlements suffered severely. In the midst of the confusion four fires broke out, supposed to be incendiary, as many robberies followed. Latest advices report five hundred Chinese killed. No foreigners were seriously hurt.

The Western Chinese army, under General Iso, is overrunning Kashgar and annihilating all the inhabitants, including women and children. Multitudes of fugitives are flying for protection to the Russian outposts more than can be provided for. Famine and distress continue and enormous tracts are desolated by the long. The ground has not been fairly watered for years past

Moville, May 10.—The explosion on board the steamship Sardinian occurred at half past three o'clock this afternoon in the forehold. Forty persons were injured and three were killed

NOTICE.—The following property has been purchased by me, and will be left in the hands of Ph. Frank, at my pleasure: 1 horse, harness, cook stove, cupboard, sink, table, stand and bed. All persons are cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner whatever.
16 may 3t. HANNAH FRANK.

ANNUAL MEETING OF POTTER SCHOOL BOARD.

The directors of Potter school district, will convene at Potter's Mills, on Monday, June 3rd., at 9 o'clock a. m., to examine the Treasurer's account, and transact such other business as may be presented. All persons interested are requested to attend. The directors elect will meet at 1 o'clock p. m., to organize a new board. The township Auditors are requested to meet and examine the Treasurers account. W. W. SPANGLER, President,
W. A. KERR, Secretary. 16 may 3t

IN THE Common Pleas of Centre County. No. 386, Nov. 3, 1875. Wm. Stewart vs. Sarah H. Chissman, et al.

The auditor appointed by said Court, to make distribution of the funds in the Sheriff's hands, arising from the sale of the defendants Real Estate, will meet all parties interested at his office in Bellefonte, on Thursday, the 6th day of June, 1878, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of his appointment, when and where all parties interested may attend. W. F. REBER,
16 may 3t Auditor.

IN THE MATTER of the Estate of H. F. Kinsloe, late of Bellefonte boro., deceased.

The auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court to hear and determine the exceptions filed to the accounts of C. M. Bower, Esq., administrator of &c. of H. F. Kinsloe, dec'd., and make distribution of the funds in his hands to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purpose of his appointment on Tuesday, the 4th day of June, 1878, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at his office in the Conrad House in Bellefonte, when and where all parties interested may attend. W. F. REBER,
16 may 3t Auditor.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at Public Sale at late residence of dec'd, Henry Duck dec'd in Gregg twp., on Thursday, June 13 1878, the following real estate viz:

No. 1. One Tract of Land bounded and described as follows, No. 1 situate in Gregg twp., bounded south by lands of James Duck, other lands of dec'd., lands of David Rishel, Dan Weaver, Frank Weaver, Sam'l Wise, containing 154 ACRES, 88 PERCHES, thereon erected a 2-story LOG DWELLING HOUSE, 2-story Wash House, Bank Barn with horse-power shed, 2 wagon sheds attached, cider Press, and other outbuildings. Thereof about 120 Acres clear, the balance well supplied with Chestnut and Oak timber.

The above tract contains two setts buildings, and will be offered in two tracts, if found desirable, the one with 26 acres, 75 perches, with a two-story weatherboard House, stone basement, Barn, and other necessary Outbuildings, with never failing spring of water near the door. Thereof about 18 acres clear. A good orchard with each tract, as well as other choice fruit.

No. 2 127 ACRES, 14 PERCHES bounded by lands of Sam'l Wise, Jac. Orndorf, public road, Jer. Kline, dec'd Duck, containing 127 Acres, 14 Perches, about 117 Acres clear, balance chestnut and oak timber, thereon erected a two-story DWELLING HOUSE wash House Bank Barn with horse power shed attached, wagon shed with cribs on sides, water piped close to door. Large Orchard and other necessary fruit on premises.

No. 3. 84 ACRES, 147 PERCHES, formerly part of tract No. 2, and separated from it by public road; and if desirable can be purchased with No. 2 bounded by lands of Jac. Orndorf, Sam'l Yearick, and lands of deceased, containing 84 Acres, 147 Per., about 27 Acres clear, balance good Oak and Chestnut timber.

No. 4. 26 ACRES and 26 PERCHES, about 2 Acres clear, balance Oak, Chestnut and Pitch Pine timber, with public road running through it.

No. 5. 84 ACRES, AND 47 PERCHES situated in Gregg, Miles and Walker twp's, mainly in Walker, consisting of good heavy white oak, white pine, and hemlock timber, with running stream of water on it and good water power, bounded by lands of S. Magee and Robert Wilson, Sam'l Yearick, and Dornblazer. This tract is situate in Little Sugar Valley. Possession given on confirmation of sale.

All above clear land is in a high state of cultivation.

Above real estate lies within 4 miles of Spring Mills RR. station.

TERMS:—One third purchase money to remain in hands of purchaser during natural life of widow; interest thereon to be paid annually by purchaser, his heirs or assigns, holding his premises during her natural life; at her death, the principal to be paid to heirs and legal representatives of said decedent. The remaining two-thirds to be divided into three equal payments—one third to be paid Cash on confirmation of sale, balance in one and two years with interest. Said payments together with interest and widows dower to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, with sciari facias clause.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, a. m.

JAS. DUCK,
M. B. DUCK,
H. E. DUCK,
Trustees.
16 may 3t

DIED.

On 2, at Aaronsburg, Elizabeth, widow of David Walter, aged 78 years and 7 months.

On 28th ult, in Haines, Anna Catherine, wife of Jacob W. Stover, aged 70 years, 7 months and 26 days.

—Get a brick of maple sugar at Sechler's and make the finest syrup in the world.

FROSTS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Manch Chunk, May 13.—Weather extremely cold here with heavy frosts, and the damage to crops is great.

Port Jarvis, N. Y., May 13.—Heavy frost last night destroying much vegetation.

Boston, May 13.—Considerable damage was done to vegetation last night by a heavy frost in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire

It snowed at Altoona on Saturday.

Snow fell for nearly an hour on Duquesne Heights, Allegheny county, on Friday.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of George Schmeltzer, of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

BENJ. SCHMELTZER,
ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
9 may 6t. Executors

MRS. HARRIET FIGLES,
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAK'R
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Offers her services to the ladies of Centre Hall and vicinity, in all kinds of work pertaining to dress making. Terms reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Kindly solicits a share of patronage.
2 may 3m

BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY,

At Mrs. Lucy Henny's, Centre Hall, who has just received from Philadelphia, the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 2 may 4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Krumrine, of Ferguson twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement. ADAM KRUMRINE,
2 may 6t. Admr.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 806, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master.
LEONARD RHOAD, Sect.

NOTICE is hereby given that H. C. Yeager has filed his petition for license, in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for Centre county, and that application will be made on the fourth (4) day of June next, to said Court to grant the same. A. WILLIAMS,
9 may 1t Clerk.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood Disorders. None genuine unless signed, "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cts for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th st. Phila. 18 ap 1y nr 3p

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO'

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the best stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

AT COST!
SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!
In great abundance, at
GRENINGER'S STORE,
Coburn Station,

A full line of general merchandise carefully selected, and embracing all manner of
Dress Goods,
Carpets, Oil cloths,
Groceries, Glassware,
Tinware, Queensware,
Fish, &c., &c.

FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds.
Hats and Caps
For men, boys and children.

Ladies and Gentlemen
call and be convinced that this is the cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.
Remember the place—at
S. GRENINGER'S,
jan 31 y Coburn.

Jas. Harris & Co.
NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
HARDWARE,
IRON, NAILS,
PAINTS,
OILS, ETC.,
JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
HURRAH FOR
GUGGENHEIMER
& COMP.
FROM THIS DATE (THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEWING SEASON.)
I. GUGGENHEIMER.
Offers his immense Stock of Goods, well assorted in every line, such as
DRESS GOODS.
NOTIONS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, GROCERIES,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, BOOTS,
SHOES, SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
at such Figures that it is a shame for any one to go away from home to Buy, when Goods are offered at home at prices that will astonish the people in this section of the country.
THE STORE ROOM AT SPANGLER'S Hotel, has been enlarged and splendidly fitted up, so that every one who goes in to examine the stock of Goods, is sure not to leave without buying. You will also find a very large and well selected
STOCK OF CLOTHING.
IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO BUY YOUR CLOTHING AT HOME INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY

25 GOLD BORDERED Cards for 20 c's. 20 Black Bristol name in gold, 15 cts,
WM. KURTZ, Centre Hall, Pa.

W. R. CAMP'S
POPULAR.
Furniture Rooms!
CENTRE HALL, PA.
I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.
If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.
UNDERTAKING
In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business.
I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.
jan19 tf W. R. CAMP.

AUCTIONEER'S CARD.—Philip Teats, who has had large experience as an auctioneer, offers his services to the people of Centre county. He speaks both German and English, and possesses the invaluable gift in an auctioneer of a loud, clear voice, and can be distinctly heard a long distance. Those having work of this kind to do, will do well to give him a call. Charges moderate. Call on or address him at Bellefonte, Pa. 17 ap

J. H. HAZEL,
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
SPRING MILLS, PA.,
informs the public that he keeps on hand all kinds of furniture, City and Home made, cane and wood seat chairs, etc. Undertaking in all its branches promptly attended to. Coffins and Caskets of all styles furnished; and accommodations with hearse.
4 apr. 6m.

Visiting Cards.
50 Mixed Cards 20 cts 12 Beautiful Floral cards only 20 cts.
WM. KURTZ, Centre Hall, Pa.

HENRY BOOZER,
CENTRE HALL,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Flynets, and also keeps on hand Cotton Nets, etc. Prices low as any where else. All kinds of repairing done. The best stock always kept on hand. All work warranted. A share of the public patronage is kindly solicited. 11 apr, 1y

W. A. CURRY,
Boot & Shoe Maker,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable Give him a call feb13 1y

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct23 '67

Harness, Saddles, &c.
The undersigned, determined to meet the popular demand for lower prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of
SADDLERY
now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of Saddles, Harness, Collars, Bridles, of every description and quality, Whips, and in fact everything to complete a first class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times.
JACOB DINGER Centre Hall.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. One agent reports making over $16 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 50 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. may 7

Centre Hall Hotel.
JOHN SPANGLER, PROP'R.
First-class accommodation for guests Best stabling for horses. Stages arrive and depart every day for all points.

C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWER.
ALEXANDER & BOWER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's building. my26 '74 tf.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

LIST OF VENDERS OF MERCHANDISE.

Subject to license in the county of Centre, State of Pennsylvania for the year 1878: Extract from license law passed April 11th, 1862 Pamphlet laws page 402. Any person so ascertained and assessed who shall fail to attend such appeal, or to appeal from the decision of the appraiser to the proper courts of common pleas within ten days thereafter, will not be permitted to set up as a defence to the recovery of the amount of the license which he is required to pay when suit shall be brought for the recovery of the same. Merchandise, or a distiller or either that be is not a dealer in or retailer of brewer That it shall be the duty of every City and County Treasurer to sue for the recovery of all license duly returned to him by the Mercantile Appraiser if not paid on or before the first day of July, on each and every one within ten days after that date, and said Treasurer shall not be discharged form any such license until he brings suit to recover the same within said date:

NAME.	POST OFFICE.	BUSINESS	CLASS	AMT.
Alexander, J R & C T	Bellefonte	Coal, &c	13	10 75
Adams Oscar	Philipsburg	Merchant	14	7 75
Ayres, D	"	do	14	7 75
Brew, S A & Son	Bellefonte,	Grocer	12	13 25
Brockerhoff, A	"	Flour & Feed	14	7 75
Blair F P	"	Jeweler	14	7 75
Brown, E Jr	"	Grocer	14	7 75
Beezer, Perdinan	"	Whisky distiller	9	28 75
Brackbill, John	"	Furniture store	14	7 75
Busel & Akens	"	Music store	14	7 75
Beak & Stewart	Snow Shoe	Merchant	14	7 75
Boggs, A T	Milesburg	Grocer	14	7 75
Brown, H	Hublersburg	Merchant	13	10 75
Boak, G R	Pine Glenn	do	14	7 75
Bitner J W	Wolf's Store	do	14	7 75
Cook, J W	Bellefonte	do	13	10 75
Ceader, Joseph	"	Confectioner	14	7 75
Cruse, A J	"	Tobacconist	14	7 75
Craininger, Samuel	Coburn	Merchant	14	7 75
Campbell, E C	Millheim	do	14	7 75
Cook, Robert	Howard	do	14	7 75
Copenhaver, John	Olivis Blair Co	Whisky distiller	9	95 75
Curtins & Co	Roland	Merchants	11	15 75
Davis A	Philipsburg	Jeweler	14	7 75
Dunlap, Sees & Co	Pine Grove	Merchant	14	7 75
Dhiel, John	Howard	Hardware	14	7 75
Duninger J O	Centre Hall	do	14	7 75
Dinges, J N	Boalsburg	Merchant	14	7 75
Doll, Lewis	Bellefonte	Boot a Shoe store	14	7 75
Else, A R	Milesburg	Druggist	14	7 75
Ewing, Alt & Co	Rock Springs	Merchant	14	7 75
Eisenhuth, Jacob	Millheim	Druggist	14	7 75
Eckenwroth, H	Pleasant Gap	Merchant	14	7 75
Fowler, John T	Olivis	do	13	10 75
Flagle, G S	Philipsburg	Hardware	14	7 75
Frank, Samuel	Rebersburg	Merchant	15	10 75
Fisher, J B	Penn Hall	do	13	10 75
Fielder & Runkle	Aaronsburg	do	13	10 75
Foot, J D	Millheim	do	13	10 75
Gephart & Musser	"	Coal, &c	14	7 75
Gray, M G	Port Matilda	do	14	7 75
Gray, I V	Snow Shoe	do	13	10 75
Glenn, J F	Unionville	Druggist	14	7 75
Great A J & T E	"	Merchant	11	15 75
Goodheart S H	Hublersburg	do	13	10 75
Graham E & Son	Bellefonte	do	13	10 75
Guggenheimer Isaac	"	Boot a Shoe store	14	7 75
Green P P	"	Merchant	10	20 75
Gray W J & Son	"	Druggist	13	10 75
Grenoble I J	Half Moon	Merchant	13	10 75
Guggenheimer I & Co	Spring Mills	do	14	7 75
Hoffer John	Centre Hall	do	13	10 75
Harper Bro's	Bellefonte	do	11	15 75
Hicks Thomas A & Bro	"	do	11

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dollie's Sash.

[The following verses were written by a little South Boston girl eight years of age.—*Boston Traveller.*]

Swiftly gliding o'er the lake,
Just for little Dollie's sake,
Willie, with the oars in hand,
Soon will reach the pleasant land.

Dollie's hair is soft as silk;
Dollie's face is white as milk;
Dollie's eyes are blue as the sky;
Dollie's forehead is fair and high.

Dollie's dress is cambric fine;
Dollie's bows are not like mine;
Dollie's shawl is black and white,
And she's drawn it round her tight.

So Dollie takes her famous sail
In her little boat so frail,
And thus she reached the nearest land,
Bringing home a pail of sand.

Little Bunch.

Everybody called her Bunch, although her real name was Marion. I suppose some one gave her the name because she was so short and fat. She was scarcely four years old, and I would not have allowed her in the school if she had been much trouble. She really was a little bunch of goodness and smiles. Her mother was a very hard working woman, and was glad enough to pay fourteen cents per week to have her little girl taken care of every morning, even if she did not learn much.

I taught her the letters, but that was about all. She had been in the habit of taking a nap every day, and I noticed each morning, about half past ten, her eyes would begin to grow heavy and her head would bob about, and one day she almost tumbled from her chair. I was sorry for her, and, taking some shawls and rolling them for a pillow, I would place her near the fire on a small settee and she would sleep, sometimes an hour.

She was very pretty, and the scholars called her "Beauty Bunch," and "Sleepy Bunch," and she answered to both loving little names.

One day after I had put her to bed, she seemed very restless and almost ready to cry.

"What is the trouble, Bunch?" asked I.

"I's so lonely. I do wish I had my dolly," said she. "Mamma always dives it to me when I have a nap."

The children began to laugh at this, but shaking my head at them, I told her not to cry and I would make her one. So I pinned up a handkerchief for a white face and put a shawl about it for a dress, just as I had remembered seeing my mother do, and taking it to her, said:

"Little Bunch, here is a nice dolly." She opened her eyes wide and looking at it steadily said:

"Bunch doesn't want it. 'Tisn't pretty a bit."

I thought for a moment what I could do to get my baby asleep, and then cut from some paper an animal and said:

"Well, here is a little rabbit that wants to be cuddled to sleep."

I knew she was fond of rabbits and thought she would be pleased; but, looking very much astonished she said:

"That a rabbit! He isn't white, and he looks awful hungwy."

A happy idea struck me; I had some small white bears which I used to teach the little ones to count with, and taking a handful said:

"I think he is hungry; and you are such a kind little girl I am sure you will feed these to Bunny, and then you can both go to sleep."

The dear little girl said:

"Well, I dess I will. I's sorry for nim."

Soon she was fast asleep with the brown Bunny close by her neck. It was a sweet little picture, and I was glad I had made her happy.

In return, for my lessons, but in less than half an hour we were startled by a little scream from Bunch, who, with a frightened look, cried out:

"I don't want Bunny. He spit in my eyes."

"Spit in your eyes. Why, my little girl, you know better. It's only paper," I replied.

"But he did, and I want him put on your desk."

I placed Bunny on the desk and wondered if the child had been dreaming, or if she was going to be sick. Scarcely had I turned my back when she called again:

"O, do come twick and see what is on my cheek!"

I hurried to the child and sure enough, stuck fast on her fat rosy cheek was a large spitball. I took it off and quieted her. Then, turning to the scholars, I asked each one separately if they had thrown it; every one said "no." Of course I knew some one had told a lie, and I tried to think how to find out the guilty one.

My class had increased to thirteen, but only three of the number were boys. One was very quiet; the other two had to be watched pretty closely. Both had been taken from the village school and were boarding near to attend my school. Edgar on account of ill health; Henry, a year younger, our minister's son, was sent here because so much complaint was made of him at the public school. He was a good-natured, bright boy, but brim full of mischief, I was very fond of him however.

Now, as Edgar did not like to study and Henry was full of play, I made up my mind it was one of the two who had disturbed little Bunch with the spitball I said nothing more about it that day. The next I went out at recess, as was often my custom, to have a good time with the children.

They were having a grand time coasting. Henry did not see me immediately, but Edgar came to me and said, "Have a ride with me first, Miss Dolly."

"I shall be happy to, if you told me the truth yesterday," said I, watching him closely.

His eyes quickly filled with tears as he answered honestly:

"I did, every word. Please don't ask me any more?"

"No, I prefer every one to speak for themselves. I will ride with you."

Down we went at fine speed. When we reached the top of the hill Henry was waiting, as I had expected, his face all aglow.

"My turn next!" cried he. "I've the best sled of the lot; beats 'em every time!"

Looking at him, I said very quietly:

"Harry, do you suppose I would like to ride with a boy who would tell me a lie?"

He dropped his head and turned very red in the face, then looked at me again as if determined to deny it; but before he had a chance, I said: "Think before you speak."

He did think; and, taking off his cap, said manfully: "Miss Reed, you looked the truth right out of me. I did throw the spit-ball at Bunch, and then I said I didn't. I'm very sorry. Will you forgive me?"

I could not help throwing my arm around him as I answered: "Certainly, Henry, I will forgive you. You were very wrong to annoy Bunch, but that was nothing compared to telling an untruth. You have been very brave now to own it before the whole school; and remember, hereafter, whatever you do in mischief, never to try to conceal it by a lie. I will take one ride with you, and another with Edgar before I go in."

As I left them I heard Henry say:

"Don't she make a fellow feel mean, though?" They whip you at the big school when you cut up, and we see which will take it best without making up a face. But she, little Miss Dolly—"

I did not hear any more; but I think it was nothing unkind as we were firm friends from that day.

The first paper mill in England was built in 1586 by a German at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used.

One good turn deserves another, but a shirt collar is only capable of two.

Fashion Notes.

Very wide belts are coming in vogue.

Spanish lace scarfs are again worn around the neck.

Several rows of lace appear on black damasse parasols.

The favorite buttons for wash goods are of porcelain.

Dotted muslins will be very fashionable this summer.

Solid silver ornaments are taking the place of silver filagree.

Instead of clasps, flowers are used to fasten necklaces and bracelets.

Small gilt buttons are used for the waistcoats of dressy black suits.

Belted habit basques will be much worn this summer for wash goods dresses.

Steel springs are used in the place of whalebones in the latest imported dresses.

The new Spanish lace scarfs for the neck are either black, white, or beige colored.

Jabots of lace appear down the front of many handsome Nainsook morning wrappers.

The latest novelty in belts are of wide brocaded belting ribbon, fastened with large mother of pearl buckles.

Wide brocaded belts, of many colors, with brocaded ribbons to correspond, are worn on many white muslin toilets.

Buttons of horn, jet, and rubber are cheaper, more durable, and more fashionable than those of velvet or crochet.

The new brocatelle damasses of this season are changeable, and frequently show two or three different colors in the effects produced in the weaving.

Russian laces, which are lighter than Smyrna laces, are largely taking their place—particularly as a trimming for summer morning and washing dresses.

To use as little lace as possible, yet make a pretty trimming, three or four knife-pleats are laid, then a plain space is left the width of the cluster of pleats.

Black summer silk, in damask or armure patterns, combined with black gros-grain, will make a stylish suit for church, calls, etc., during the summer.

An old soldier says the funniest thing about your first fight is that you look at your watch thinking it is four P. M., and find that it isn't quite eight in the morning.

The bourette gauzes are very handsome, with bayadere stripes in India colors, separated by narrower stripes of thin silk, either pale or blue, cream, or green that is nearly black.

Shot goods of mixed silk and wool, speckled or dusted over, are used for combination dresses; changeable blue and gold, or else beige and green, or blue and olive, are very handsome.

White muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long Princess polonaises, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin-faced moire ribbons in several tones of color.

The chip round hats have square brims in front, turned up close and high on the sides like English walking hats, while the back is without any brim, but is trimmed with loops or with a drooping breadth of gauze.

The most popular wraps are of black India camel's hair, with long fleece, or of richly repped black silk, or else Sicilienne, or better still, the new repped silk fabric called bangoline, which is entirely without dressing, yet soft and light.

Bonnets fit the head pleasantly without being too large, the crowns are shaped to take in easily the puffs and braids of hair that are now either on the crown or just down the back of the head, allowing the wearer to have high coiffures on some days and low ones on others.

By the use of a little bandoline you can curve the short front hair on your forehead and the side of the face to form the fashionable waves, and thus cover up a high forehead. Loops of thickly braided hair at the back and finger puffs on top are most worn. The low forehead should have the hair simply parte and brushed away from the temples.

Worth makes a half-long princesse polonaise with a kilt skirt for short suits. The skirt is not a genuine kilt, but is trimmed far above the edge of the polonaise with pleats broader than the kilt pleats used here, and each pleat is ornamented on the bottom with a band of bias silk about three inches deep and cut off slanting across the top.

A True Shark Story.

It may not be generally known that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Squan Beach, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat.

The fishermen were serious and quiet men, watchful and ready; and I noticed that they not only used no profane expressions themselves, but appeared to be annoyed and distressed at the occasional strong expletives that escaped me under the exasperating excitement of losing a fine fish from the hook after hauling it to the surface. Somewhat surprised at demeanor I had not been accustomed to in "toilers of the sea," I asked them at last if any thing was the matter. They replied, very respectfully, that being religious men, they felt pained by any thing approaching the sin of profanity, and that if I would listen they would tell me the story of their remarkable deliverance from death, which resulted in their conversion. It was as follows:

"Some ten years ago we were hard drinkers, swearers, wild surf-men, and fishermen. We never entered a church, and cared neither for God nor Satan.

"On a fine Sunday morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders and blackfish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we stood up and looked around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar in the water several sharks began biting it in pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail, and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye glared ferociously at out pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of the side planks, and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went with a bleeding jaw. In a moment he was torn in pieces and devoured. Then the school turned toward us again.

"We were in despair, and never expected to see shore. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charley said: 'Bill, we are in an awful muss. Let us see if God will help us.' We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great school of porpoises. They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rowed safely to shore, and became professors of religion; gave up drinking, swearing and all vices. We have great respect for porpoises, and believe that if they were not so plentiful, New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-by to fishing and bathing."

Constantinople's Varied Population.

The following vivid pen picture is from a recently-issued work on the Eastern capital: To see the population of Constantinople it is well to go upon the floating bridge, about one-quarter of a mile in length, which extends from the most advanced point of Galata to the opposite shore of the Golden Horn, facing the great mosque of the Sultana Valide. Both shores are European territory; but the bridge may be said to connect Asia to Europe because in Stamboul there is nothing European save the ground, and even the Christian suburbs that crown it are of Asiatic character and color. The Golden Horn, which has the look of a river, separates two worlds, like the ocean.

The news of events in Europe which circulates in Galata and Pera clearly and minutely, and much discussed, arrives on the other shore confused and garbled, like a distant echo; the fame of great men and great things in the West is stopped by that narrow water as by an insuperable barrier; and over that bridge, where every day a hundred thousand people pass, not one idea passes in ten years.

Standing there one can see all Constantinople go by in an hour. Whatever can be imagined that is most extravagant in type, costume and social class may there be seen within the space of twenty paces and ten minutes of time. Behind a throng of Turkish porters who pass running, and bending under enormous burdens, advances a sedan-chair, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and bearing an Armenian lady; and at either side of it a Bedouin wrapped in a white mantle and a Turk in muslin turban and sky-blue caftan, beside whom canters a young Greek gentleman followed by his dragoman in embroidered vest, and a Dervise with his tall conical hat and tunic of camel's hair, who makes way for the carriage of a European ambassador, preceded by his running footman in gorgeous livery. All this is only seen in a glimpse, and the next moment you find yourself in the midst of a crowd of Persians, in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakan fur, who are followed by a Hebrew in a long yellow coat, open at the sides; a frowzy-headed Gypsy woman with her child in a bag at her back; a Catholic priest with breviary staff; while in the midst of a confused throng of Greeks, Turks and Armenians comes a big eunuch on horseback, crying out, *Larya!* (make way!) and preceding a Turkish carriage, painted with flowers and birds, and filled with the ladies of a harem, dressed in green and violet, and wrapped in large white veils; behind a sister of charity from the hospital at Pera, an African slave carrying a monkey, and a professional story-teller in a necromancer's habit, and what is quite natural, but appears strange to the newcomer, all these diverse people pass each other without a look; and not one single countenance wears a smile. The Albanian in his white petticoat and with pistols in his sash, beside the Tartar dressed in sheepskins; the Turk, astride of his caparisoned ass, treads pompously two long strings behind the ad-of camels; jutant of an imperial prince, mounted upon his Arab steed, clatters a cart filled with all the odd domestic rubbish of a Turkish household; the Mohammedan woman a-foot, the veiled slave woman, the Greek with her red cap and her hair on her shoulders, the Maltese hooded in her black *faldetta*, the Hebrew woman dressed in the antique costume of India, the negress wrapped in a many-colored shawl from Cairo, the Armenian from Trebizond, all veiled in black like a funeral apparition, are seen in single file, as if placed there on purpose to be contrasted with each other.

It is a changing mosaic of races and religions that is composed and scattered continually with a rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow. It is amusing to look only at the passing feet and see all the foot-coverings in the world go by, from that of Adam up to the last fashion in Parisian boots—yellow Turkish babouches, red Armenian, blue Greek and black Jewish shoes; sandals, great boots from Turkestan, Albanian gaiters, low cut slippers, leg-pieces of many colors, belonging to horsemen from Asia Minor, gold embroidered shoes, Spanish *alporgatos*, shoes of satin, of twine, of rags, of wood, so many that while you look at one you catch a glimpse of a hundred more. One must be on the alert not to be jostled and overthrown at every step. Now it is a water-carrier with a colored jar upon his back; now a Russian lady on horseback; now a squad of imperial soldiers in zouave dress, and stepping as if to an assault; now a crew of Armenian porters, two and two, carrying on their shoulders immense bars, from which are suspended great bales of merchandise; and now a throng of Turks who dart from left to right of the bridge to embark in the steamers that lie there. There is a tread of many feet, a murmuring, a sound of voices, gutteral notes, aspirations, interjectional, incomprehensible and strange, among which the few French or italian words that reach the ear seem like luminous points upon a black darkness. The figures that most attract the eye in all this crowd, are the Circassians, who go in groups of three and five together, with slow steps, big-bearded men of a terrible countenance, wearing bearskin caps like the old Napoleonic Guards, long black caftans, daggers at their girdles and silver cartridge-boxes on their breasts; real figures of banditti, who look as if they had come to Constantinople to sell a daughter or a sister—with their hands imbued with Russian blood. Then the Syrians, with robes in the form of Byzantine dalmatic, and their heads enveloped in gold-striped handkerchiefs; Bulgarians, dressed in coarse serge, and caps encircled with fur; Georgians in hats of varnished leather, their tunics bound round the waist with metal girdles; Greeks from the Archipelago, covered from head to foot with embroidery, tassels and shining buttons.

From time to time the crowd slackens a little; but instantly other groups advance, waving with red caps and white turbans, amid which the cylindrical hats, umbrellas and pyramidal headdresses of Europeans, male and female, seem to float borne onward by that Mussulman torrent. It is amazing even to note the number of religions.

Words of Wisdom.

Self-denial is a grand virtue.

Every high aim lifts you above yourself.

Selfishness has a variety of disguises, but under the velvet you can always find the claw.

If it be important to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you cheat somebody else.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from a leaf.

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is vastly easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscle, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

Earrings.

The Roman ladies of olden times used earrings of pearls and precious stones, and not unfrequently, like some of the North American Indians, they had three or four of these ornaments pendant to each ear, which, unlike the Indian trinkets of the present day at least were of immense value. The Moors of Africa were also noted for the use of the same ornaments. Many of the busts of the heathen gods have been found to have earrings, or holes pierced in the ears for that purpose. Some investigators of antiquity have considered this to be characteristic of the busts of divinities, but this opinion does not appear to be well founded, as there are many well known statues of mortals which have the ears pierced. The fine bust of Caracalla, in the Villa Borghese, which is affixed to a statue of Hercules, has only the right ear pierced.

Manners and Morals of the Sioux.

I have made diligent inquiries regarding the social and tribal laws governing the Ogallala Sioux, writes a correspondent, and have elicited the following, which, though not so terribly strict, is, nevertheless, more than enough to govern "ye gentle savage," in his own home, when administered through the channel of Indian justice. I mention first the crime of stealing. No doubt, when I say this crime is considered a virtue instead of a crime, the reader will laugh incredulously, but yet 'tis true, "to steal and not be found out," but to be caught in the act or to be found in possession of the stolen property is a disgrace, and it is the privilege of the squaws to taunt and tease him, who exercise this privilege to the fullest extent, and to be ridiculed by a squaw is the worst degradation that can be inflicted; consequently he very seldom steals. Should he be caught in the act three or four times, he would be shunned by all the warriors and made a squaw man. He is then disgraced forever, being debarred from all warrior proceedings whatsoever, which disgrace to an Indian is worse than death, and many prefer death to that punishment and kill themselves. When a warrior or young man is made a squaw man, the head men of the tribe take his gun, bow and arrows, ponies, all his war apparel, in fact, everything of value in his lodge, and they are given to the person whom he had stolen from, and to destitute widows and orphans of fallen braves, and the thief is turned over to the mercy of the band. But should he be a successful thief outside of his own band, then he is praised for his sagacity, and the more he steals the higher he gets. Should he luckily happen to be a brave Indian and an accomplished thief combined, then he is away up on the brave list, and no expedition is fitted up but he is invited to be one of the party, very often as its leader. This kind of an individual is a terror to the squaw man, as he invariably taunts him when and wherever he meets him. There is but one squaw man in the whole of Red Cloud's band. He has to do everything that no other Indian would do, and never receives a kind word unless it be from some kind-hearted missionary. I tried to find out what he had done, but could not, as there are several ways to reduce an Indian to that position, and no amount of inquiry will make them disclose the fact to outside parties; and as the last Indian I asked said, "Heap talk too much," I gently took the hint. To act the coward in battle, to disobey an order from the chief where there is any danger, to try to skulk or get out of any dangerous undertaking when detailed for it, go to make the Indian a squaw man.

Fighting among themselves is almost unknown. During my experience I have never seen one Indian wishing to fight another of his own band, though I have been told that occasionally there is such a case. Should two Indians commence to fight and another Indian step between them, or put a stick or pipe between them, they would have to desist, or run the chance of being killed, as they certainly would be did they not desist when called on. Premeditated murder among themselves is looked on as one of the impossibilities. There is not an Indian in the band that can call to mind a case of such a case. There are some instances where the peace men cannot keep down a fight between two Indians who have had some fine point of Indian honor to settle. The head men then make them go on and settle the affair with knives, when one or both are invariably killed. Should one come off safe, he would on some dark night take all of his ponies and tie them in front of the tepee of the deceased, which would go a great ways to assuage the grief of the relatives. Sometimes the gift would be only four or five ponies, according to the rank of the deceased. Any dispute that may arise is invariably settled by the older men of the tribe, and their verdict forever settles the dispute.

Hospitality among the Sioux is great indeed, and would put to shame some of their paleface brethren. Poor though it be, 'tis given cheerfully, and you receive a perfect welcome. For an Indian to send a hungry man from his tepee, be he a prisoner, friend or enemy, is an insult to his tribe.

It would require a separate letter to give all the different forms of marriage in days gone by, but now they resort to the missionary, and have adopted the ways of the whites, and they seem to think it the best way, and try to imitate their white sisters and brothers to the best of their ability.

An Indian will always avenge any personal wrong done him, even should it lead to his death, and their memory of a wrong done them lasts for life, but by the kind actions of a humane government and good examples of the missionaries, schoolmasters, etc., I hope there will be a great change. Civilization will do it in time.

Three Good Lessons.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep; you will have the sheep.'

"'What does grandfather mean by that?' I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate—a fine buck worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than that of my grandfather's.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Gerry, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are right now. I have one word of advice to give you; be careful whom you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"And what lessons they are!

"Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates." Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

The Sex.

The other day a slippery-elm sort of a young man wasted half an hour in a Detroit gallery in trying to beat down the price of a tintype, and paid the regular price at last only after an agreement that his ears should be taken as small as possible, and that his lack of mustache should be supplied by the brush of the operator. When the negative was handed him he was a mind to order five hundred copies at once, but prudence prevailed, and he carefully slid up to an old woman who was washing the front windows and asked:

"Does that 'ere look like a statesman, or only like a common plug of a fellow?"

"Beautiful—beautiful!" she whispered as she closely scanned the picture.

"That settles that," he said as he turned to the operator. "The sex is the sex the world over. She's only an old scrub-woman, but her heart's located under the same rib that a gal's is. Where she sees tone in a pictur' a gal will go into raptures over it. Go ahead and cast me a hull dozen!"

Hunting a Coyote.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Chronicle* says: Yesterday afternoon a party of Virginians engaged in a coyote hunt, which was perhaps one of the most remarkable sporting events ever witnessed in the country. The meet took place at noon, on the alkali flat, about eighteen miles east of this city. The place selected for the liberation of the coyote was a sort of alkali flat about six or seven miles wide. The coyote, caged in a close box, had been brought to the place in a wagon, and was liberated about half-past twelve in the center of the flat. It was agreed to allow him to reach the edge of the sagebrush, some three miles distant, before the hounds were slipped. When let out of his box the coyote trotted off leisurely, leaving behind eighteen or twenty hounds struggling frantically in the lead and clamoring for the run. It took the coyote about fifteen minutes to reach the edge of the flat, and just as he melted into the sagebrush the pack were turned loose upon the desert and took the trail in full cry, followed by a well-mounted field.

The sagebrush was soon reached, and then the chase began in earnest. John S. Manen, who was splendidly mounted, took the lead, with Jack Magee close at his heels and the rest of the field trailing behind. The sagebrush and boulders were not the easiest things in the world to run in, but the horses, which had got warmed up to the work, made light of the rough condition of the track as they went crashing through the brush or took flying leaps over the boulders. The hounds were about half a mile ahead in the sagebrush, their course marked by a continuous yelping and a trail of dust.

After a run of about twenty minutes, the coyote turned upon the trail and took a course leading back to the flat. Reaching the limit of the sagebrush, it shot into the clear flat again, and made a bee line for the box from which it was liberated. The hounds cleared the brush but a few minutes behind, with the field not twenty yards in the rear, and at this point the chase became very exciting. The flat was as level as a floor, and when the field straggled out of the brush the coyote was about half a mile ahead, and had three miles to run before reaching the box—a point for which it was evidently making. Horses, hounds and coyote were now all, for the first time, in sight of each other. About half a dozen horsemen led the field.

As they neared the box the coyote was pretty closely pressed by the hounds, but made a spurt and slid into his old retreat like a flash of lightning. The driver of the team who had brought him out jumped down and closed the door, and in a minute a pack of disappointed dogs were yelping all around it. The riders came up immediately afterward, and a hearty cheer went up in honor of the sagacious coyote, followed by a general laugh when the utter ridiculousness of the situation became apparent.

After the coyote had taken about half an hour's rest it was decided to give the hounds a second run, and the snarling coyote was again turned out upon the cold charities of the sagebrush. He made off this time at a pace which discounted his first effort. It did not take over five minutes for him to reach the sagebrush, and this time he disappeared in some instances where the peace men cannot keep down a fight between two Indians who have had some fine point of Indian honor to settle. The head men then make them go on and settle the affair with knives, when one or both are invariably killed. Should one come off safe, he would on some dark night take all of his ponies and tie them in front of the tepee of the deceased, which would go a great ways to assuage the grief of the relatives. Sometimes the gift would be only four or five ponies, according to the rank of the deceased. Any dispute that may arise is invariably settled by the older men of the tribe, and their verdict forever settles the dispute.

Hospitality among the Sioux is great indeed, and would put to shame some of their paleface brethren. Poor though it be, 'tis given cheerfully, and you receive a perfect welcome. For an Indian to send a hungry man from his tepee, be he a prisoner, friend or enemy, is an insult to his tribe.

It would require a separate letter to give all the different forms of marriage in days gone by, but now they resort to the missionary, and have adopted the ways of the whites, and they seem to think it the best way, and try to imitate their white sisters and brothers to the best of their ability.

An Indian will always avenge any personal wrong done him, even should it lead to his death, and their memory of a wrong done them lasts for life, but by the kind actions of a humane government and good examples of the missionaries, schoolmasters, etc., I hope there will be a great change. Civilization will do it in time.

Three Good Lessons.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep; you will have the sheep.'

"'What does grandfather mean by that?' I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate—a fine buck worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than that of my grandfather's.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Gerry, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are right now. I have one word of advice to give you; be careful whom you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"And what lessons they are!

"Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates." Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

The Sex.

The other day a slippery-elm sort of a young man wasted half an hour in a Detroit gallery in trying to beat down the price of a tintype, and paid the regular price at last only after an agreement that his ears should be taken as small as possible, and that his lack of mustache should be supplied by the brush of the operator. When the negative was handed him he was a mind to order five hundred copies at once, but prudence prevailed, and he carefully slid up to an old woman who was washing the front windows and asked:

"Does that 'ere look like a statesman, or only like a common plug of a fellow?"

"Beautiful—beautiful!" she whispered as she closely scanned the picture.

"That settles that," he said as he turned to the operator. "The sex is the sex the world over. She's only an old scrub-woman, but her heart's located under the same rib that a gal's is. Where she sees tone in a pictur' a gal will go into raptures over it. Go ahead and cast me a hull dozen!"

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States

A party of Southern Senators and Congressmen visited Boston, as guests of the Commercial club, and were shown the "sights" of the city. The visiting party consisted of Senators Gordon, of Georgia; Morgan, of Alabama, and Jones, of Florida, Representatives Carlisle, of Kentucky; Ellis, of Georgia; Yeates, of North Carolina; Whitthorne and Young, of Tennessee; Goode, of Virginia; Hooker and Mooney, of Mississippi, and Clark, of Missouri.

An aged couple named August and Hannah Grisher, who lived near Youngsville, N. Y., were found horribly mutilated and dead in their house. They had lived apart for some time, and it is thought he killed her by cutting her throat and then shot himself.

The creditors of Nathan Matthews, of Boston, who in 1870 was worth from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000, have petitioned him into bankruptcy. His failure is principally due to the enormous shrinkage in value of real estate, in which he had invested heavily.

Thomas Hughes was instantly killed and William Davis seriously wounded by the premature explosion of a blast in the East Mines, near St. Clair, Pa.

Among recent heavy bankrupts in New York are Hon. Benjamin Wood, publisher of the *Evening News*, with liabilities amounting to $233,000 and assets placed at about one-half that sum; ex-State Senator Michael Norton, with liabilities of about $50,000 and nearly any assets, and David J. Kennedy, builder, whose liabilities are $540,000, with small assets.

Considerable conjecture was aroused by the mysterious movements of the steamship Cimbria, which arrived in Southwest Harbor, Me., and in turn there are given to the parties whom he had stolen from, and to destitute widows and orphans of fallen braves, and the thief is turned over to the mercy of the band. But should he be a successful thief outside of his own band, then he is praised for his sagacity, and the more he steals the higher he gets. Should he luckily happen to be a brave Indian and an accomplished thief combined, then he is away up on the brave list, and no expedition is fitted up but he is invited to be one of the party, very often as its leader. This kind of an individual is a terror to the squaw man, as he invariably taunts him when and wherever he meets him. There is but one squaw man in the whole of Red Cloud's band. He has to do everything that no other Indian would do, and never receives a kind word unless it be from some kind-hearted missionary. I tried to find out what he had done, but could not, as there are several ways to reduce an Indian to that position, and no amount of inquiry will make them disclose the fact to outside parties; and as the last Indian I asked said, "Heap talk too much," I gently took the hint. To act the coward in battle, to disobey an order from the chief where there is any danger, to try to skulk or get out of any dangerous undertaking when detailed for it, go to make the Indian a squaw man.

Fighting among themselves is almost unknown. During my experience I have never seen one Indian wishing to fight another of his own band, though I have been told that occasionally there is such a case. Should two Indians commence to fight and another Indian step between them, or put a stick or pipe between them, they would have to desist, or run the chance of being killed, as they certainly would be did they not desist when called on. Premeditated murder among themselves is looked on as one of the impossibilities. There is not an Indian in the band that can call to mind a case of such a case. There are some instances where the peace men cannot keep down a fight between two Indians who have had some fine point of Indian honor to settle. The head men then make them go on and settle the affair with knives, when one or both are invariably killed. Should one come off safe, he would on some dark night take all of his ponies and tie them in front of the tepee of the deceased, which would go a great ways to assuage the grief of the relatives. Sometimes the gift would be only four or five ponies, according to the rank of the deceased. Any dispute that may arise is invariably settled by the older men of the tribe, and their verdict forever settles the dispute.

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Grace Darling in Michigan.

Lake Michigan has its Grace Darling, and her father and brothers are as brave and heroic as she is herself. Sanford W. Morgan is keeper of the life saving station at Grand Point au Sable, Michigan, and after the close of navigation he allows the crew to go away for the winter, but remains on the ground with his daughter and his sons. At daylight, during one of the most violent gales of the season, with the sea so boisterous that it was covered with foam, a fishing boat was discovered about three miles off shore, in distress, by Miss Edith. Quickly giving the alarm to her father and two brothers, she urged them to go, volunteering to take an oar herself to assist the crew. It seemed as though a boat could not possibly live in the mighty waves, but one was launched, and after a pull of two hours, with seas breaking over the small boat and threatening its destruction and the loss of those on board, they succeeded in reaching the wreck, to find that one of the crew who had been clinging to the side of the vessel had